

FEBRUARY 13, 1978

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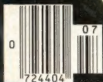
TIME

Canada A House Divided

THE HISS CASE
New Evidence



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A Letter from the Publisher

The Soviets exploded their first atomic bomb. China fell to the Communists, and the House Un-American Activities Committee was trumpeting after subversives. The year was 1949 and the Red Scare was spreading when Alger Hiss went on trial. The confrontation between Hiss and Whittaker Chambers, his accuser, was to become a haunting symbol of the era's fears and suspicions. Conservatives tended to trust Chambers' claims that Hiss had passed secrets to the Soviets; many liberals believed that the poised State Department official with the splendid record of service had been wrongfully and villainously attacked.

In this week's Nation section, TIME re-examines the verdict of guilty reached against Hiss nearly three decades ago. The occasion: the coming publication of *Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case*, a book by Historian Allen Weinstein that skillfully and diligently re-creates the struggle between the two contrasting men and brings revealing new insights and documentation to the case.

Appropriately, the reporter who interviewed Weinstein for this week's story was Senior Correspondent James Bell, who covered the Hiss trials for TIME. "I had spent all of 1948 on the campaign trail with Harold Stassen, Harry Truman, Earl Warren and Tom Dewey," recalls Bell. "I was the only member of the Washington bureau who was totally ignorant of the case, and

I felt none of the emotion that appeared to grip my colleagues who had covered the Hiss story on Capitol Hill. It was precisely for that reason that I was picked to report the trial." For TIME and Bell, the story posed special problems: Chambers had been a writer and senior editor at TIME (editing back-of-the-book sections and foreign news) from 1939 to 1948, when he resigned. Chief of Correspondents Robert Elson told Bell: "We don't want

you to take Chambers' side or the other. Just give it to us fully, accurately and as soon as you can each evening." During the next eight months, Bell sat in on every session of the two perjury trials, scribbling notes so furiously that he developed a set of calluses on his right hand that are still there today. He often turned out 4,000 words an evening, five days a week. Editor in Chief Henry R. Luze deemed Bell's work so fair and thorough that he donated a bound set of the files to Yale University's Law School Library, where Weinstein later studied them for his book.

Though Bell maintained his evenhandedness in his files, he remembers: "I became convinced during the cross-examination of Hiss in the second trial that he had committed perjury. He quibbled incessantly on irrelevant matters and skimmed quickly over what was relevant—that, plus the typewriter, the documents and the expert analyses. My perceptions haven't changed over the years; they were reinforced by Weinstein's book."



Correspondent Bell

Ralph P. Davidson

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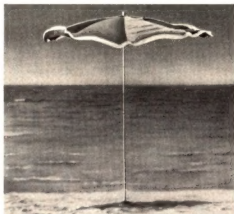


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Letters

A New Congress

To the Editors:

A Congress [Jan. 23] with independence, more democratic procedures and faster turnover among its members sounds encouraging. However, I wonder about their making decisions that play well with the folks back home. When we want both increased Government services and decreased taxes, it must be hard to decide how to vote. I hope Congress will provide more leadership. We can't have it both ways, and it's time someone told us.

Betty Noling
Shorewood, Wis.

While the intent of the recent shift of power from the White House to Congress



is to improve and democratize our Government, it does not always work out that way. Senators and Congressmen seldom rise above the interests of their constituents, whereas the President is more likely to act in the interest of all the people.

Jacob Weitzer
North Miami Beach

This good story didn't bring tears of sympathy to my eyes. As for Congressmen "being watched more closely, criticized more and prosecuted more," most people would say, "It's about time."

Richard K. Kaminski
Mount Lebanon, Pa.

I find it ironic and pitiable that the Senate majority leader "wouldn't enjoy going away and doing nothing." For I concur with the Roman statesman Cicero, who said, "He does not seem to me to be a free man who does not sometimes do nothing."

Linda J. Zaleski
Pittsburgh

Your comment that I have "far more clout" as ranking minority member on the Senate Human Resources Committee than the committee's chairman, Senator

Harrison A. Williams Jr. of New Jersey, is wrong and misleading.

"Pete" Williams is widely recognized as one of the most intelligent, effective and humane legislators on labor and the other major concerns of the committee in Senate history.

He and I have forged a uniquely bipartisan partnership over the years as the committee, under his inspired leadership, has developed bills to better the lot of millions of American working men and women. In every case, Senator Williams has been the principal sponsor.

Jacob K. Javits
U.S. Senator, New York
Washington, D.C.

Violence in the Schools

In "The ABCs of School Violence" [Jan. 23], the writer says: "American parents and educators have yet to figure out a way of making respect for authority and for others part of every student's education." Every teacher will scream at that statement.

Students' education begins at home.

(Mrs.) Charlotte E. Reeder
Clarksville, Md.

The general lack of respect for teachers exists because students know that law requires juveniles to stay in school.

American children should be entitled to free education *only if they want it.*

Chuck Reeder
Narberth, Pa.

How shocking it is that we tend to ignore the rights of teachers and overemphasize the rights of students! Will union contracts begin to demand combat pay? It is not too far off.

Richard Dean Mazer
Pittsburgh

As a junior high school teacher in the Philadelphia school system for the past three years, I have been assaulted four times—three times by parents or older siblings. I have suffered bruised ribs, fingernail lacerations and a mild concussion.

I was disgusted with a dozen futile court appearances, and since I stand only 4 ft. 11 in. and weigh 100 lbs., I decided to take a summer course in karate. Then, when a student tried to gouge out my left eye, she was met by devastating blows to the stomach and head. Even though the student was predictably set free in juvenile court, I doubt she will ever forget her experience.

Mary Ann F. Swift
Philadelphia

The Marston Case

The removal of U.S. Attorney David Marston [Jan. 23] clearly reveals that campaign promises mean very little, even those made by President Carter.

He and Attorney General Bell have

Letters

crossed the Rubicon as far as Marston is concerned, but the new U.S. Attorney "of merit" in Philadelphia had better follow through on the investigations of local politicians now serving in Congress.

Edward F. Schneider
Philadelphia

The plain fact is that any President has the right to appoint those individuals who will be responsive to his policy orientation. Perhaps the drive to replace various U.S. Attorneys in the country springs from a recognition that other things, like drugs, hard crime and consumer abuse, are as worthy of prosecutorial attention as political corruption.

Ira Weiss
Clairton, Pa.

The Church or the Message?

I find Research Executive Win Arn's thinking that the success of a Billy Graham crusade depends on the number of people who join churches [Jan. 23] ambiguous. I am a convert to Christianity with the help of Graham's preaching and am not a church member. The man does preach the truth, and one who is willing to face the truth will know that.

It is hard to think about church roofs, expensive fixtures, and new parking lots after learning the simplicity and beauty of Jesus Christ and his message.

Jude Herzog
Orlando, Fla.

Skiing Woes

After enjoying skiing for 40 years, I was sad to read your story "Aominable Snow Suits" [Jan. 16] about slobs in poor physical shape who clutter ski slopes, with their skis out of control. They are almost ruining this wonderful sport by driving lift prices out of sight by suing ski areas.

It's time a law was established to protect ski areas from responsibility once a skier gets off the lift, and to protect true skiing enthusiasts from those bent on mayhem and litigation.

Richard H. Depew
Pound Ridge, N.Y.

For many native Vermonters like myself, the demise of the ski industry in Vermont would be cause for celebration. Each winter weekend, skiers clog our roads, ignore common traffic law, and anger us with their obnoxious behavior.

The ski tourist industry has a stranglehold on the economy. Regular industry is discouraged. Many like myself have had to move to neighboring states to find decent employment.

Michael B. Frappier
West Lebanon, N.H.

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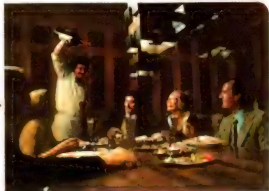
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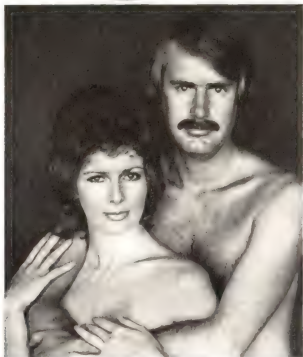


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What are the advantages and disadvantages? What about things like commitment, freedom and security?

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Living Together: Eyewitness News Closeup
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"My \$3000 lifesize VideoBeam® television has almost paid for itself in the beer my friends have brought me."

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Advent VideoBeam owner since Feb. 1977

"I tell my friends they can come and watch basketball, hockey, football, whatever, anytime . . . as long as I don't run out of beer."

We taped a conversation with Barton Carter, teacher of communications law and sports freak, and this is what he said about his VideoBeam television, his friends, and what goes on at his place.

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"I'll have eight or ten people over for a basketball game. What with the immediacy and the way the VideoBeam picture sort of wraps around you and involves you, and all these people together . . . it gets pretty crazy. It's like being at the game.

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"You can see what people are trying to do, not only what they're accomplishing. You can see when somebody is trying to get the ball around to the weak side, but they can't because somebody has cut off the passing lane. You get a better feel for the strategy of the coaches. You see who they're working on, you know, if they're trying to get

somebody down low, post a tall guard on a short one . . .

You "Feel" the contact.

"Of course, football more than any other sport shows the contact . . . in fact you feel the contact. You see one of these big guys come steaming down the field at full speed and he gets his legs cut out from under him, does a twist and falls, um, you can just feel it. You get that sometimes under the boards in basketball. You can just feel them hitting each other. It's more than just seeing it.



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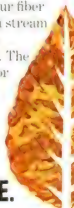


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American and Egyptian Presidents rush to greet each other as Mrs. Sadat and Secretary Vance follow outside White House

Nation

TIME FEB 13, 1978

Looking for a Friend

Sadat flies to Camp David in search of U.S. support and new weapons

"You've got two different kinds of people in Sadat and Begin," one of President Jimmy Carter's close aides observed last week. "Begin is hung up on history and the nuances in every word. Sadat couldn't care less about all that crap. What he wants is to get on with a peace settlement."

The nuances of every word have proved discouraging to Egypt's President Anwar Sadat over the past month or more. Though the ministerial-level talks between Egyptians and Israelis were revived last week, the two countries are still far apart on the overall "statement of principles" that Sadat feels is necessary as a framework for Middle East peace negotiations. And though the Israelis talked of being willing to negotiate all disputed issues, they keep pressing forward with their policy of establishing illegal settlements in the occupied territories of the West Bank and the Sinai (see WORLD).

In a new effort to "boost the momentum for peace," Sadat set out last week on what was planned as a ten-day, eight-nation journey in search of support—diplomatic, military and moral. "A heavy and difficult job lies ahead," he said. His

main destination, of course, after a brief stopover in Morocco, was Washington. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance was on hand, along with the red-uniformed Marine Band, to welcome the Egyptian leader to Andrews Air Force Base late Friday afternoon. Sadat, accompanied by his elegant wife, Jihan, his 21-year-old son, Gamal, and two of his six daughters, Noha, 20, and Jihan, 17, saluted the

American Secretary, then ducked into an Air Force helicopter for the hop to the South Lawn of the White House. There Jimmy Carter rushed to embrace him. In a brief statement, Sadat quickly disclosed his main concern, warning firmly against any "rigidity" or "fanaticism" that might interrupt "the holy march on the road to peace." He urged that the U.S. become "the arbiter."

That same evening, the two Presidents helicoptered to the seclusion of nearby Camp David, the Catocin Mountain retreat where seven previous U.S. Presidents have sought diplomatic privacy with other world leaders. The press was barred, and even Washington's eager officialdom was reduced to a select handful. Carter and Sadat had some 50 hours available for candid and unfettered discussion.

Officials in both Cairo and Washington cautioned against any expectations of spectacular or decisive results from Sa-



A friendly wave from the South Lawn
Down with "fanaticism."

*The Carters: Vance, Assistant Secretary of State Alfred Atherton Jr., U.S. Ambassador to Egypt Hermann Eilts, National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, NSC Assistant William Quandt, Presidential Assistant Hamilton Jordan and Press Secretary Jody Powell

dat's visit. But despite all the efforts to keep the discussions private, the main concerns on the minds of both leaders were no secret. Flying to the U.S. on Sadat's gleaming red, white and black Presidential Special, Egyptian officials admitted their dismay at the recent course of events. On Sadat's trip to Washington last April, Carter had convinced him that Israel wanted a detailed and permanent resolution of the Middle East conflict rather than a mere termination of the long state of belligerency. Sadat felt that he had amply responded by his spectacular visit to Israel in November, his "sacred mission." But after that breakthrough, Egyptian officials argued, Egypt balked at making any real concessions. "There has even been some retrogression," said one Egyptian diplomat, "since the Israelis now are insisting on retaining and defending their settlements in the Sinai."

Carter declared once again last week that he considered the settlements "illegal" and "an obstacle to peace." But U.S. officials hoped the Egyptians understood that there were limits to the pressures the U.S. could apply. "Unfortunately," said one, "Sadat still thinks all we have to do is snap our fingers to get Israel to do our bidding. We're going to try to disabuse him of that notion."

The Egyptian President is particularly concerned about U.S. arms sales in the Middle East. He feels that Israeli intransigence is a direct result of its huge military force, derived from U.S. aid. Sadat wants the U.S. to sell Egypt up to 120 F-15 fighter planes, priced at about \$5 million each, to replace the deteriorating planes acquired from the Russians since 1955. But even more urgently, Sadat's advisers want the U.S. to delay indefinitely compliance with an Israeli request for the more sophisticated F-16 fighter. "To introduce this aircraft into the Middle East would create a dangerous military escalation," an Egyptian official warned Carter's top Defense and State Department advisers have urged him to grant Sadat's requests. "The planes the Russians gave him are falling apart," said one U.S. official.

More generally, Sadat hoped to convince Carter that the U.S. should provide a plan for a comprehensive Middle East settlement and present it to both Egypt and Israel in private, as the basis for further negotiations, or unveil it publicly. Sadat presumably expected that such American proposals would be close to his own. Carter, however, seemed unlikely to abandon the present U.S. insistence that the nations in the Middle East work out the specifics of any agreement among themselves.

White House officials approached the Camp David summit in more personal and psychological terms. While they have been angered by Israeli intransigence over the settlements, they have also been concerned about Sadat's abrupt and somewhat emotional withdrawal from the Foreign Ministers' talks in Jerusalem. Thus Carter was expected to praise Sadat's ini-

tiatives and urge him to work more patiently in low-key bargaining. Beyond that, U.S. officials felt it was important to strengthen Sadat's morale. Explained one insider: "We've simply got to give him the confidence that we're going to stick with it. At best, we want to lay the basis for a firm understanding for the months ahead, so that future disappointments don't lead to surprises and shifts on his part."

But even as the U.S. was urging Sadat to engage the Israelis in private peace talks, the eager and worried Egyptian seemed determined to pursue his all-out style of public diplomacy. Before leaving for the U.S., Sadat last week sent off "An Open Letter to American Jews," published in the *Miami Herald*. He urged them to "revive the spirit of accommodation and meaningful coexistence" in order to "reinforce our belief in the oneness of the human cause." He complained that "the Israeli government in the past few weeks has been negative and disappointing."

Once the Camp David talks ended, Sadat was embarking on a three-day public relations blitz that included a speaking engagement at Washington's National Press Club, a nationally televised interview and a meeting with a group of writers and editors. Sadat also planned to press his case before highly skeptical American Jewish leaders, meet members of the House and Senate Foreign Relations committees, and work in visits with such varied personalities as former Vice



A stroll in the wooded Catcotin hideaway
Encouraging patient, low-key bargaining

President Nelson Rockefeller, former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, CIA Director Stansfield Turner and the AFL-CIO's secretary-treasurer Lane Kirkland.

Considering all of the emotions swirling about the Middle East issues, and the candor and unpredictability of Anwar Sadat, U.S. hopes of a return to quiet, cautious diplomacy seem optimistic. ■

"You've Got to Help Me"

On board his plane bound for Washington, Egyptian President Sadat spoke with TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn of his hopes for the Camp David talks. Highlights:

- ▶ "I will be frank with Carter—he is a dear friend. I will tell him my people to a certain extent are disappointed. Some are beginning to ask: 'Are we friends or not?'"
- ▶ "I am always optimistic by nature, but really I am very disheartened, and I am coming because I like the people of the United States. This all started when I received a personal letter from Carter. Now I am coming to America for arbitration. You've got to help me."
- ▶ "Some Arabs want me to say I regret my Jerusalem mission. No, I don't regret it. Let's hope that with Carter we can discuss giving momentum again in the spirit of my mission."
- ▶ "Let me ask this question: On what grounds is Begin adopting this hard line? It is adopted because of the American arsenal in Israel. We had thought it would make them feel more secure and flexible, but they are

using it to claim others' land."

▶ "I shall never oppose the United States' sending a plane and a tank to every Israeli man and woman. But let them use them inside their borders to feel secure, not to claim others' land. I have nothing against the special relationship between the U.S. and Israel."

▶ "I am asking for the same arms that Israel is getting. I don't like to be treated like before, with one eye on Israel and one eye on me. I am asking arms not to attack Israel... because American arms cannot be used against the allies or friends of America. But I have other responsibilities now. I have received alarming reports from Africa, from Somalia and Chad."

▶ "I have chosen my fate, and there is no way to turn back on this. I couldn't disappoint those millions of people who lived with us those moments in Jerusalem. I won't let them down. Unfortunately there was no response from the other side. But if time proves that I am wrong, I must pay for this. I shall not try to change my ideas, because when I started, I was convinced it was a sacred mission."

Nation



Aspen Lodge, with heated pool, is the cabin where Presidents traditionally stay

Camp David: A Palatial Retreat

Where Presidents find peace in the mountains

When Anwar Sadat signed the guest book at Camp David's presidential house, Aspen Lodge, he was checking in at the world's most exclusive and elaborate political retreat. A 30-min. helicopter ride from Washington, which is 75 miles to the southeast, Camp David is a 143-acre compound of more than a dozen buildings, perched on a 1,880-ft. hilltop in Maryland's Catoctin Mountains. The heavily wooded setting, teeming with deer and raccoon, blue jays and snowbirds, and an occasional pileated woodpecker, provides Presidents a spot for total seclusion. Sadat's visit last week marked the 20th time that a foreign chief has joined in that peace and quiet—Churchill's five trips were the most numerous.

As befits such guests, Camp David boasts the kinds of services that could make King Solomon envious. Operated with military efficiency by about 100 Navy men and Marines, it can provide almost anything a President might want: a free-form heated swimming pool, a sauna, two clay tennis courts, a one-hole, three-tee golf course, a two-lane bowling alley, a trout stream, skeet-shooting and archery range, movie facilities, a wide selection of music (Richard Nixon used to stand in front of the stereo speakers and "guest conduct" his favorite symphonies fortissimo). Comments former Nixon Counsel John Dean: "It has a rustic feel but no rustic hardship. If Baked Alaska is what you want, Baked Alaska is what you get."

Along with all the diversions, Camp David also provides—at the bottom of an elevator shaft sunk 100 ft. into the mountain—a fortress where the President could repair in time of war. Even in peaceful times, security is tight. Rifle-bearing Marines keep

watch behind a double row of barbed-wire-topped fences.

Built in 1939 by the Civilian Conservation Corps and Works Progress Administration, the camp was originally called Hi-Catoctin. Franklin D. Roosevelt renamed it Shangri-La (after the Himalayan paradise in James Hilton's bestseller of that era) when he chose it for his summer retreat. As F.D.R.'s son Elliott Roosevelt recalled, the camp at that time "looked more like a Marine training camp made up of rough pine cabins, but it suited Father down to the ground—metal bed, bathroom door that refused to shut tight, bare walls ornamented only with some of his favorite cartoons."

Harry Truman hardly used the camp at all, preferring a Key West retreat. For President Eisenhower, though, the setting was so special that he renamed it in 1953 after his five-year-old grandson.



Churchill joined Roosevelt on fishing expedition

When Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev was first told that his 1959 itinerary included a stay at Camp David, he was mystified. In *Khrushchev Remembers* he said, "I couldn't for the life of me find out what this Camp David was. I was afraid this was—the sort of place where people who were mistrusted could be kept in quarantine. Finally we were informed that Camp David was what we would call a dacha." His amiable talks with Ike on disarmament and the future of Berlin produced what was known as "the spirit of Camp David."

The Kennedys kept Jackie's and Caroline's horses stabled at Camp David, but the President was at first a reluctant visitor. The family was planning a private country home in Virginia. Only as J.F.K. began using the Government retreat more did he finally ask, "Why are we building Aitona when we have a wonderful place like this for free?"

The L.B.J. Ranch was a little too far away for regular visits, so Lyndon Johnson used to chopper off to the camp with three or four friends in tow. He also found the retreat an ideal locale for some Viet Nam War jawboning with skeptics like Canadian Prime Minister Lester Pearson. Recalls L.B.J. Aide Jack Valenti: "It was a frosty meeting, but they parted friends. There's something about Camp David that makes you feel softer."

Safer is more the way Richard Nixon viewed it. Turning the hideaway into a virtual hideout during the Watergate era, Nixon would spend long hours in his favorite armchair next to Aspen's massive central fireplace, with legal pads on his knee, trying to explain away the crisis.

Before his Watergate days, Nixon used Camp David to draft many of his important speeches. In his first term alone, Nixon made nearly 120 trips to the camp, refurbished Aspen into a posh home and converted the cluster of other cabins into a mini-White House. Nixon also added new cabins to the grounds, one of which was used by Daughter Tricia and Edward Cox on their honeymoon. Tricia aptly called it a "resort hotel where you are the only guests."

Nixon sometimes offered the retreat to others—to Henry Kissinger to ponder the state of the world and to John Dean to whitewash the state of the cover-up. Dean, like his boss, found Camp David conducive to "hard reflective work. It's as close to being away and still being plugged in as anything the Government has."

Jimmy Carter, too, is a private person, and about once a month he has found that Camp David perfectly suits his need to get away from the Capital. Last week he and his first foreign guest were offered among other things a sampling of new movies, including one that Carter has lately seen several times, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.

Again the Arms Sales Champion

Carter takes a modest step to limit the weapons boom

For the nation's arms merchants, it must often seem like the week before Christmas. Customers keep flocking in to inspect the shiny new toys, and sales keep booming. In recent months the U.S. has sold 18 F-4 Phantom jets to South Korea for \$164 million, a guided-missile frigate to Australia (\$183 million) and antitank missiles to Sweden and Switzerland (\$155 million). While Egyptian President Anwar Sadat was pressing at Camp David for up to 120 of America's F-5E Tiger fighter-bombers totaling close to half a billion dollars, Israel was seeking two dozen of the faster and more sophisticated F-15 Eagles, which carry a price tag of \$20 million each, plus 160 F-16s at \$10 million each.

Scores of such deals pushed U.S. arms "transfers" (an official term that includes military aid as well as sales) to \$11.2 billion for the fiscal year ending Sept. 30, 1977. Although this was down somewhat from the preceding year (\$12 billion), it still was enough to give the U.S. once again the questionable honor of being, by a very large measure, the globe's champion arms peddler. It accounted for nearly half the 1977 record worldwide armaments trade of about \$24 billion. Moreover, U.S. sales are now rising—toward an estimated \$13.2 billion for 1978.

During his presidential campaign, Carter declared that he was "particularly concerned by our nation's role as the world's leading arms salesman." Last May, in issuing guidelines to change that role, he declared that the dollar volume of 1978 arms transfers would "be reduced from the fiscal year 1977 total" and that such sales would be "an exceptional foreign policy implement." The guidelines also stated that the U.S. would no longer be a "first supplier to introduce advanced weapons into a region." Last week Carter took a more specific step: he placed an \$8.6 billion ceiling for 1978 on all weapons transfers to nonallied countries. But the effect of the measure on total U.S. arms exports is questionable. It contains so many loopholes that a deft shuffling of figures will permit an actual increase in sales.

How can the U.S. simultaneously increase arms transfers while claiming to reduce them? By using gimmicks that would do a Las Vegas casino bookkeeper proud. Not counting toward Carter's ceiling, for example, are large categories of transfers that have previously added billions of dollars to the totals: 1) sales to the 14 NATO allies, Japan, Australia and New Zealand; 2) military construction, training and other "services" performed for foreign governments. All reckoning, finally, is to be in 1976 dollars to eliminate the impact of

inflation. Such accounting alchemy allows Carter to ignore nearly \$5 billion worth of this year's anticipated transfers. Only by doing so will he achieve his \$8.6 billion ceiling. This would be about 8% below \$9.3 billion—the figure for last year's \$11.2 billion in transfers after it is transformed by the same complicated calculations.

Carter last week defended his modest proposals by explaining that sharper cuts "would violate commitments already made and ignore the continuing realities of world politics." He has a sound point. Indeed, a number of the Administration's critics have long maintained

that Carter's statements on arms transfers ignored the demands of an effective foreign policy (not to mention a \$30 billion U.S. trade deficit). The NATO Alliance, to begin with, obviously relies on a substantial supply of U.S. arms.

In the Middle East, to cite a more complex case, the U.S. must support its friends and reinforce its diplomatic moves by supplying military hardware. It is for this reason that Iran, Saudi Arabia and Israel accounted for a whopping \$8.16 billion of the arms contracts signed last year by Washington. Among their purchases: a \$613 million helicopter base for the Shah, a \$420 million naval installation for the Saudis, and hundreds of millions of dollars worth of tanks, armored personnel carriers and antitank missiles for the Israelis. And these same countries are back in the market for an additional several billions of dollars worth of warplanes this year.

The "realities of world politics" are also making it difficult for Carter to apply other aspects of the May guidelines. The Administration's decision to grant Iran's request for seven Airborne Warning and Control System (AWACS) aircraft ignores the ban on transfers of advanced new weaponry into a region. The AWACS, at \$109 million, is one of the most sophisticated warplanes in the U.S. arsenal. Complicates a congressional research service study. "Rather than being used as an 'exceptional foreign policy implement,' U.S. arms transfers continue to occur on a routine basis."

Administration officials answer that Carter's program has begun working. U.S. diplomats overseas, for example, are no longer giving so much help to Americans trying to land arms deals. Quiet, behind-the-scenes pressure, according to one official, is also being used to discourage foreign requests for arms before they become public to spare the rejected customer embarrassment. Meanwhile, a number of countries that the Administration has judged human rights violators, such as Nicaragua, Chile and El Salvador, could face an almost complete ban on weapons purchases from the U.S.

The Administration has also attempted to win Moscow's support for an agreement limiting arms sales to developing countries. But the two superpowers' CAT (Conventional Arms Transfers) talks were ended after a three-day inaugural session in Washington in December without any visible progress having been made. Admitted an American participant. "After a preliminary exchange of views, the two sides just read each other their position papers. There is not much overlap in their positions."

Carter's attempt to stem the world's arms traffic may be the labor of Sisyphus. Even if he manages to slash U.S. sales, few other countries are apt to follow his lead. Says British M.P. Kenneth Warren: "If American defense exporters are going to find it more



U.S.-made F-5E Tiger



Britain's Chieftain



E-3A craft with AWACS



Italian version of the Chinook



American F-15 Eagle

Nation

difficult to sell, then the vacuum is going to be filled by somebody else."

► The Soviet Union, second only to the U.S. as an arms supplier, with sales last year estimated at about \$5.5 billion, has eagerly offered weapons where Washington has refused. After the U.S. balked at equipping debt-ridden Peru with supersonic warplanes, for instance, Lima turned to Moscow. The Peruvians bought about \$250 million in Soviet arms, including rockets, tanks and 36 Sukhoi-22 fighter-bombers. During the same period, the U.S.S.R. delivered an estimated \$850 million worth of tanks, artillery, armored vehicles and other arms to Ethiopia for its war against neighboring Somalia. Syria, Libya, Iraq and Algeria are expected to receive new weapons from Moscow as a reward for their strong opposition to Arab concessions to Israel.

► France in 1976 (the most recent year for complete figures) sold some \$3.7 billion worth of arms to more than 20 countries. A favorite item has been Dassault's versatile Mirage III. Fourteen long-range versions of this \$8 million Mach 2 fighter were bought by the Sudan and 18 by Ecuador. Peru, Brazil, Argentina, Colombia and Venezuela already fly Mirages.

► British salesmen closed arms deals in 1977 worth \$1.9 billion. A bestseller was the Chieftain tank: Iran has bought 1,500 of these powerful fighting vehicles in the past two years. Kuwait obtained 500. Finland's \$180 million purchase of 60 British Hawk fighters has prompted experts to predict that the plane's foreign sales could exceed 1,500 by the mid-1980s.

Neither France nor Britain shows any intention of braking its sales drive. The French stage an extravagant biennial

"arms supermarket" at Camp Satory, near Versailles, that draws interested officials from dozens of nations. Paris also maintains an elaborate sales apparatus that has been organized into several separate agencies, in order to avoid political problems in providing weapons to both sides of a conflict. Thus one French agency can sell arms to South Africa and Israel, while another can show the latest military gadgetry to black Africans and Arabs.

The British are equally innovative. Not only do they stage a sprawling arms fair at Aldershot, 36 miles from London, but they have converted two ships into floating exhibit halls that cruise from nation to nation, offering military hardware.

The Big Four producers account for about 90% of the world's arms trade. But a number of other nations have also been ringing up hefty sales. Among them:

► Italy last year exported \$690 million in arms, including missile frigates to Venezuela and Peru, Chinook helicopters (made under license from Boeing) to Iran, air transports to Argentina and Dubai, and the license to make the Oto Melara naval guns to the U.S.

► Israel now manages to export \$400 million of the output of its expanding arms industry to more than a dozen countries, including Taiwan, South Africa, Kenya and Greece. Among the most popular Israeli weapons: Uzi submachine guns, Galil assault rifles and the Gabriel rocket that, Israelis boast, is "the world's only combat-proved surface-to-surface shipborne missile system."

► West Germany in 1976 sold most of its \$317 million in arms (helicopters and Leopard tanks) to fellow NATO states or

neutrals. Last week's prize deal, the sale, pending congressional O.K., of the 120-mm, smooth-bore gun to the Pentagon for the U.S.'s new XM-1 battle tank. Though most would be produced under license by American firms, West Germany could earn at least \$62 million. To other countries, Bonn supplies only what it calls "defensive" weapons, such as antitank and anti-aircraft rockets to Iran and submarines to Argentina.

The major reward for arms sales by the great powers used to be the diplomatic leverage on the recipient. To an important extent, this is still true for the U.S. and U.S.S.R. If Washington, for instance, assents to Mexico's recent request to buy \$150 million worth of F-5E's, it will primarily be to avoid souring the U.S.'s improving relations with its neighbor.

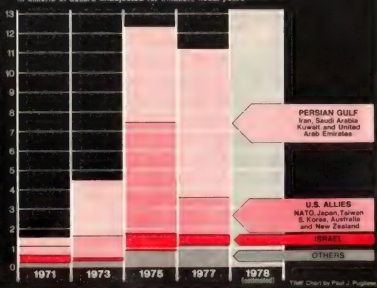
But for most other industrial countries, arms sales now are primarily a welcome means of improving the chronic balance of payments deficits they have suffered since the astronomical jump in oil prices in 1973. Admits Britain's Sir Ronald Ellis, chief of sales for the Ministry of Defense: "This country is absolutely dependent on exports, and that increasingly includes overseas arms sales."

At a time of uncomfortably high and persistent unemployment, moreover, arms exports create badly needed jobs at home. French economists estimate that such exports keep 70,000 of their countrymen working, while as many as 800,000 Americans may owe their jobs to foreign military sales. Selling weapons abroad also enables producer-countries to regain part of their steep research and development costs and benefit from the economies of large-scale output. France's aviation industry, for example, could not afford to design and manufacture new advanced combat aircraft for the French air force unless it could count on sales to foreigners. According to the Congressional Budget Office, \$8 billion worth of U.S. arms exports bring down the Pentagon's cost of weapons by some \$560 million.

Except for Carter's new ceiling on some categories of sales, there are no signs of a letup in the international arms market. Japan is about to buy \$4.57 billion worth of F-15 Eagles and P-3C Orion antisubmarine patrol planes from the U.S., while Canada is shopping for \$2.3 billion in fighter jets. Yugoslavia, Egypt, Chad and the Sudan are already lining up to place their 1978 orders with Washington. London anticipates cultivating Arab customers for more than \$1 billion worth of British helicopters, gun sights, radar and other military equipment, and Paris has its eyes on the greatest untapped arms market of all—Communist China. Sums up Frank Barnaby, director of the widely respected Stockholm International Peace Research Institute: "In spite of President Carter's efforts, it is proving extremely difficult to control arms sales. One is justified in being pessimistic."

U.S. ARMS SALES AGREEMENTS

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Scoop v. the Energy Knot

Last chance for a compromise on natural gas

The fate of Jimmy Carter's energy bill, the No. 1 item on his domestic agenda, rests squarely in the hands of a former political foe, Senator Henry Jackson. The Senator from Washington, who is also chairman of the Senate Energy Committee, has been suspected of harboring a grudge against the man who bested him in the Democratic presidential primaries. But there were no unburied hatchets anywhere in sight last week as Jackson prodded, pressured, cajoled and lectured fellow Senators to break the conference committee deadlock on a key provision of the President's program: the regulation of natural gas prices.

It was this issue that brought the energy bill to a jolting halt. Under the guidance of Speaker Tip O'Neill, Carter's legislation had breezed through the House without substantial change. But after a stormy debate and a filibuster to prevent deregulation, the Senate by a narrow vote removed price controls from natural gas right away—a solution utterly unacceptable to Carter, liberal Democrats and Jackson. Last December members of the House and Senate met, or rather collided, in conference to sweat out a compromise. After a marathon session, just before the Christmas recess, a caucus of Senate and House conferees finally succeeded in agreeing on a gradual phasing out of price controls. "We wrung the last drop of blood out of that turnip," said Louisiana Senator Bennett Johnston, who favors deregulation. "If you can't pass this, I don't think you can pass anything." O'Neill's staff dubbed the agreement the "Christmas compromise." But Jackson's staff called it the "Christmas turkey."

And so it has proved to be. Jackson declined to back the compromise, and it quickly came apart when the President, too, failed to support it. Accusations were hurled at the Senate's energy expert. Why had Jackson been absent from the conference while the compromise was being put together? Was he intent on sabotaging the President's program? Jackson bridled at the charge. He had gone back to the state of Washington to see his gravely ill brother, he explained to *TIME* Correspondent Don Sider. "You don't put in the hours that I've put in on energy if you're that kind of a petty person. I've never worked so hard in all the time I've been in Congress." Jackson, in fact, was prominent in fashioning parts of the energy package that have been passed by Congress: incentives for industrial conversion to coal and reform of utility rate structure by the states.

Since Congress returned in mid-January, no one has worked more strenuously for the energy bill than Jackson, even though he was always a staunch propo-

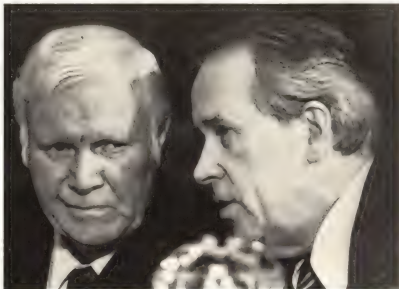
nent of natural gas regulation. While the President and Energy Secretary James Schlesinger have worked discreetly in the background, the Senator has led the fight in Congress. His counsel is usually heeded because everyone acknowledges that he is the man to engineer an energy compromise if one is possible. All sides bombard him with propaganda. Says Grenville Garside, staff director of the Energy Committee: "He knows them all and he sees them all, and he knows what they're going to tell him before they get it out."

Jackson's job is all the more compli-

cated. They can't get enough votes for anything in between."

Jackson is scheduled to begin a two-week trip to China this weekend, and there is a feeling that a compromise must be reached before he leaves, if one is to emerge at all. Jackson, now 65, is showing some understandable signs of fatigue. Always esteemed more for his conscientiousness than his charisma, he appears to be a bit more plodding and prosaic than usual, as if something went out of him after his try for the presidency. But he remains as approachable as ever, and just as ready to offer his opinions forcefully. In a speech on Moscow's treatment of dissidents, he summoned forth a bit of his oldtime bombast: "Shame! Shame! Shame!"

Even if Jackson wins his compromise, that does not guarantee passage of the



Jackson (right) with West Virginia Representative Harley Staggers during energy meeting

Up to Carter's erstwhile foe to make that "Christmas turkey" fly.

cated because the House-Senate conferees are bogged down in complex questions: how to define the "new" gas that is to be decontrolled; whether to consider offshore gas to be new; how much latitude to give the President in allocating gas in times of emergency; how long to allow for the deregulation of gas. Each Congressman has a different mix of views. "I'm going to do my best to untie the Gordian knot," says Jackson. He has six solid votes among the 17 Senators in conference and needs another three to prevail. He cannot go too far in compromising on price controls; if he does, he will jeopardize the support of the Democratic Representatives who favor regulation. "It's a holy war," says Garside. Agrees a House staffer: "The obstacle is not so much the substance as the years of accumulated distrust and ideology." Says Ohio Democrat Thomas L. Ashley: "They can't get enough votes for regulation. They can't get enough votes for deregula-

tion. They can't get enough votes for anything in between."

final key portion of the energy bill, the proposed wellhead tax on crude oil, which is intended to boost the price of domestic oil over a three-year period to the level of the OPEC price. Having just returned from recess with voters' indignant objections to the massive Social Security tax hikes still ringing in their ears, Congressmen are not eager to vote for a rise in gasoline and heating-oil costs too.

Since the crude-oil tax stands in considerable danger, Carter has all the more need to win a compromise on natural gas. If he does not, his energy program will be viewed as pretty much of a flop. "You take what you can get," shrugs a White House staffer, indicating that the President will settle for what is left of his eviscerated energy bill. The question is whether what is left will be enough to deal adequately with the problems that prompted the bill in the first place. ■

Nation

Playing Poorer than Thou

Sunbelt v. Snowbelt in Washington

He is a leader of the go-go, proud, successful New South, but last week Georgia's Governor George Busbee sounded downright shy about it. Speaking before 500 delegates to a White House Conference on balanced growth and development, Busbee uncharacteristically stressed what he did not like about the South: "We still have the greatest percentage of people living in poverty, with less than five years of schooling, living in substandard housing, lacking plumbing, and with more people per room than any other section of this country."

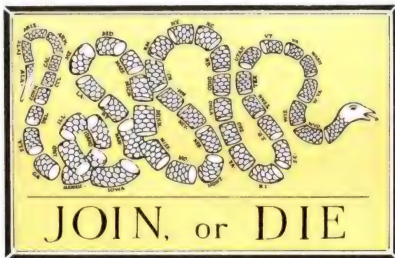
It was scarcely the standard Peachtree promotion, but it was a sales pitch nonetheless—not for new industry but for fed-

ing enviously at one Sunbelt advantage that they believe can be reversed: the hefty portion of federal spending the South receives.

For example, according to studies done by the *National Journal*, nine Northeastern states sent \$12.6 billion more to Washington in taxes during fiscal 1976 than they received in federal expenditures; the five Great Lakes states came out \$20.1 billion net losers in their dealings with the Treasury. Meanwhile, Southern states received \$12.6 billion more from Washington than they paid, and the West cleared more than \$10 billion. Other figures show a similar disparity: defense payrolls and contracts aver-

aged that "fire and brimstone regionalism" must not be allowed to overwhelm national economic policy. But sectionalist pressures are growing fast. At least six associations of elected officials and regional experts have been created by Northern states during the past 18 months alone. The largest, the Northeast-Midwest coalition of 204 Congressmen, headed by Massachusetts Representative Michael Harrington, which seeks legislation favorable to industrial states. In newspaper ads proclaiming *THE NORTH SHALL RISE AGAIN*, Michigan has called for a Great Lakes area "common market." Busbee in turn has been telling colleagues, "We in the South will be eaten alive if we don't wake up and react."

Busbee complains that his group has already been "caught with our britches down" on an important issue. Backed firmly by CONEG (the Coalition of Northeastern Governors), Harrington's group got Congress to change the formula for federal community development grants to give new weight to areas where most of the existing housing was built before 1939. This is expected eventually to yield an increase of 71% in these funds available to the North, where houses are older, compared with 12% for the South.



eral funds. As chairman of the Southern Growth Policies Board, a 13-state coalition established in 1971, Busbee has become a leader of the South's resistance to efforts by the depressed Northern states to shift federal spending programs from the Sunbelt to the Snowbelt. Explains a Policies Board official: "We have to defend our region." Indeed, precisely that mood is spawning an unmistakable increase in a kind of petulant, poorer-than-thou sectionalism in many parts of the U.S.

Most figures show that the economies of the Southern and Western states, unlike those of the Northern states (including states in the Great Lakes region), are well recovered from the recent recession. For example, the Sunbelt's unemployment rate has hovered around 6%; while recent Northern rates are approximately 8%. Given the South's attractions for business, including its warmer, less energy-consuming climes and nonunionized labor, the regional imbalance may grow. So increasingly Northern states are look-

ing \$282 per person in the Northeast, compared with \$368 in the South and \$565 in the West. In a gentle debate with Busbee at the White House conference, New York's Senator Daniel P. Moynihan quipped: "Our armed forces are clearly preparing to fight the next war in Nicaragua, or at least some place where it never freezes."

Moynihan, an advocate of federal loan guarantees to avert bankruptcy for New York City, recalled that many New Deal projects, like the Tennessee Valley Authority, were designed by a largely Northern Administration specifically to aid the South to recover from the Depression. He asked: "What will become of this tradition of national liberalism if the region from whence it emerged should look up two generations later and find that... resources flowed South [but] never North?"

While stopping short of supporting New York loan guarantees, Busbee

While conceding that Northern unemployment is higher, Southerners say they need their greater share of federal spending because they have more poverty to deal with. Nearly 14% of Southern families are classified as living in poverty, compared with less than 9% in the North, where pay packets are fatter. For example, per capita income in New England averaged \$6,590 in 1976, while in the South Atlantic states it averaged \$5,861. Northerners reply that their higher living costs, especially for fuel and taxes, make that statistical advantage meaningless. According to Bureau of Labor Statistics, a Boston family of four needs \$19,400 to pay for the same standard of living that costs a family in Atlanta only \$14,800. Says Harrington: "In reality we are partners in poverty with the Deep South."

The novelty of the Northerners' argument is their insistence that existing programs for such things as housing, education and defense be re-evaluated geographically in view of the North's arguably depressed state. The South argues against giving new weight to geography in federal grants, since it benefits by the present system. How much federal grant formulas should change is a subject the Carter Administration will weigh in the nine months Congress has allowed for preparation of proposals based on last week's conference. Publicly, both sides pooh-pooh any possibility that tension between North and South will increase beyond the already ample levels. But the Southern Growth Policies Board has quietly opened its own office in Washington, just to keep an eye on things.

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Hot Spots in the Land of Sticks

But Moscow is cool to a nuclear-safety pact in space

Eskimos call it "the Land of the Little Sticks" because Arctic winds and bitter cold keep its stunted pines from growing beyond the thickness of a finger. But as Operation Morning Light continued in the Canadian wilderness near Great Slave Lake, the searchers discovered remnants of the nuclear-powered Cosmos 954: man-made sticks of radioactive metal stuck in the frozen tundra and ice-covered lakes. At least five chunks of the fallen Soviet spy satellite were located. One, a mere 10 in long and 1/2 in thick, was emitting enough radiation to kill anyone foolish enough to hold it for two hours.

The findings confirmed the estimate of U.S. and Canadian scientists that parts of the satellite had survived the searing 17,000-m.p.h. entry into the atmosphere and probably fell in a shotgun-like pattern over at least 200 miles. One of the biggest pieces found was a gray metal tube about the size of an office-building fire extinguisher that was discovered embedded in the ice of the remote Thelon River by two young Americans who happened to be on a research dog-sled run through the Thelon Game Sanctuary. Scientists said that it emitted "moderate" radiation, and while they pondered whether and how to break the ray-absorbing river ice to find out whether more lethal parts lay below, armed Canadian paratroopers set up a camp in the -40 F. cold.

The security was aimed mainly at preventing wandering Eskimos from being exposed to radiation, but it was also meant to ensure that the pieces would be protected until they could be thoroughly analyzed by Western military experts. The main U.S. interest is in whether the Russians have yet achieved the ability, after ten years of experimentation, to use satellite-borne radar to track submerged submarines. Intelligence officials have dismissed speculation by some scientists that Cosmos 954's big, cylindrical nuclear power pack, a yard long and a yard thick, with its 110 lbs. of highly enriched uranium 235, was so powerful that it might actually have been part of a nuclear weapon or a hunter-killer satellite. Instead, U.S. experts believe, the Russians needed a relatively large reactor to power a high-frequency radar carried aboard the satellite. The Soviets are thought to be trying to develop a radar sharp enough to detect changes in the pattern of plankton life near the oceans' surfaces. Such alterations are caused by the wake of deep-running subs, and thus could betray the presence of the previously untrackable U.S. nuclear deterrent.

Although the military interest was paramount, the concern in both Washington and Ottawa over the hazards from

runaway space vehicles was also genuine. At his press conference last week, President Carter said he would take up with Moscow his idea that nations using earth-orbiting nuclear-powered satellites should either agree to install "much more advanced safety precautions" or simply stop launching them.

Yet the differences between the American and Soviet approaches to providing electrical power in space make an agreement unlikely. The U.S. has not launched a nuclear-powered vehicle since 1965. Instead, it relies on solar cells for electricity for all purposes except shots to the moon or toward other planets, where the sun's rays are too weak to be converted into sufficient power. In the 18 times in which the U.S. has sent nuclear power packs into space, it has used a much less dangerous method than the Russians. The Americans use plutonium 238, an isotope whose main radiation consists of alpha particles that cannot go through paper or clothing and would have to be swallowed or inhaled to be harmful to humans. The U.S., moreover, has placed its power packs in a steel container shielded with ceramic material that absorbs heat and burns off upon re-entry into the atmosphere. The container itself is designed to survive impact.

The Russians, by contrast, seem less advanced in the use of solar energy and employ nuclear power supplies more frequently in earth orbit. Furthermore, to generate high power (100 kilowatts or more), they use a fission process, which

produces radioactive strontium 90, cesium and iodine—all far more threatening to human life than the alpha particles generated by the U.S.'s plutonium 238 fuel. Rather than shield their power packs to ensure survival on impact, the Russians gamble that their radioactive materials will disintegrate on any accidental re-entry and disperse in high-altitude winds. In fact, vaporized uranium 235 and other particles from the falling Cosmos 954 formed a radioactive cloud in the upper atmosphere that may be up to 250 miles long and is now drifting eastward.

Both the U.S. and the Soviets normally shoot their satellites' nuclear power packs into high orbit (600 to 900 miles) after their use has ended. At present, there are 16 Soviet and eight American nuclear power supplies in these "parking" orbits. These highfliers may circle the earth safely for up to 10,000 years, and while their radiation will not have decayed completely when they start to come down, its potency will be sufficiently diminished so that the danger is likely to disappear. Space scientists are confident, moreover, that before future generations face the fall of these satellites, they will have achieved a means of either sending other vehicles up to retrieve the circling craft or of hurling them into even higher orbits.

Meantime, NASA is concerned about another reminder of the varied and unpredictable hazards of throwing earthly spheres into space. There has been some slippage in the earth orbit of the space agency's big Skylab space station, which was launched in 1973 and should not have begun declining in its orbit until 1983. It packs no nuclear punch, but no one would want to be near it if it falls: it is 118 ft long and weighs in at 85 tons.



Fragments of spy satellite embedded in ice of Canada's remote Thelon River. Souvenirs from a dangerous Soviet gamble that failed.



State troopers confront boisterous United Mine Workers pickets in Kentucky at start of record-breaking strike last December

Darkness in the Coal Country

Hardship spreads in lengthening strike

Across the broad heartland of the U.S., the lights began going out. Columbus switched off its street lamps indefinitely, and Governor James A. Rhodes ordered many state facilities to cut the use of electricity by 25%. Pittsburgh department stores dimmed their lights in daytime, shut down their display windows at night and scheduled a 30% cut in business hours this week. Officials in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana urged residents to forgo hair dryers, dishwashers and other appliances. Utilities that once boasted of 100-day fuel stockpiles watched anxiously as their supplies dwindled to emergency levels.

The darkening landscape was the result of the epic coal strike that began Dec. 6. By week's end, the walkout by 165,000 members of the United Mine Workers, who mine about half the nation's coal, had surpassed the 59-day record set by U.M.W. strikers in 1946.

More emergency measures lay ahead. Three huge power companies serving almost 2 million customers in five states—Duquesne Light Co., the Allegheny Power System, Inc., and the Columbus & Southern Ohio Electric Co.—plan to ask for an end to all outdoor lighting and evening sports events plus a cutback of retail business schedules. If the strike extends into next week, the companies are prepared to slice industrial electricity usage to 50% and "maintenance level," which would force the shutdown of many factories. To stave off further shortages, companies were beginning to import power from outside energy grids; some were trying to bring in nonunion coal but were hampered by both snow and miners' pickets.

The people most directly afflicted by the strike, of course, were the miners themselves. Eking out their days without strike benefits, the U.M.W. members had

already lost their medical insurance coverage, which is based on coal production and which therefore lapsed when the strike began. Last week 180,600 retired miners who live on the U.M.W.'s 1950 pension plan lost their monthly pension checks averaging up to \$250 because the retirement fund had dried up.

Worst hit by the prolonged walkout were young miners with families. Jerold Hamrick, a 34-year-old worker with a wife and four children in Kelley's Creek Hollow near Charleston, W. Va., lives on what's left of the meat he stored in his freezer before the strike. Said he: "The miners know they're hurting, but they've suffered this long so they're gonna stick it out." Some other exasperated U.M.W. members warned of coming violence, and one picket died last week in a clash between strikers and non-union miners in Petersburg, Ind.

Said Dave Reid, 25, in Mount Clare, Ill., whose wife had a baby girl in January and who has no money or health insurance to cover the \$2,500 hospital bill: "Yeah, there's gonna be some shootin'." All I know is that somebody's got to do something because I'm hurtin' and so are a lot of other people."

But since stockpiles had sunk dangerously and the strike had become widely felt (estimated cost to West Virginia in taxes alone: \$500,000 per day), many miners believed they had more leverage. "Now we got some bargaining power," said one. "The men are not going to be snowballed into a contract this time."

The basic decision lay in Washington, where the U.M.W. at week's end was stalling the latest contract proposals from the mine operators. The main terms: a wage boost of more than 30% over three

years and a guarantee of health and pension benefits in exchange for a union labor stability agreement. Some observers predicted that a settlement was imminent, but even if it did come soon, U.M.W. members would still need ten days or more to ratify the contract, and that ratification was by no means certain.

Hateful Ideas

They need protection, too

The First Amendment protects not just the right to advocate love and sunshine, but also the right to advocate racism, sexism and many other obnoxious things. To dramatize that point, the American Library Association, whose members are often in the center of such controversies, produced a film entitled *The Speaker*. The 42-minute color movie describes a fictional controversy that develops when a high school student committee invites a scientist to explain his belief that blacks are genetically inferior to whites. The speaker, who is never actually seen or heard, is finally banned by the school board.

Fictional controversy has become real. The group's sponsorship of the film angered many of the 35,000 members at the A.L.A.'s annual business meeting in Chicago. Detroit's public library director and past A.L.A. president, Clara Jones, condemned the film as "highly unsuitable, insensitive, in poor taste and skillfully racist." But the film's supporters have been equally vociferous. Said Atlanta Head Public Librarian Ella Yates, who is black: "I don't believe in squelching the Ku Klux Klan, the Nazis or any racist who wants to talk. The only way to deal with hateful ideas is openly." The A.L.A.'s 130-member governing council seemed to agree: it rejected a bid to cancel A.L.A. sponsorship of the film or to limit its distribution (some 250 copies have been sold so far).



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E&J Distillers, Modesto, Calif.

Americana

A Spirited No!

The celebrated phenomenon known as "the three-martini lunch" came up before the House Ways and Means Committee last week, and Republican Congressman Richard T. Schulze of Pennsylvania wanted to know if the witness actually had ever been to a business lunch where anyone drank three martinis. "Not if I had any control over it," answered Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal.

This was a little odd because Blumenthal, former chief executive at Bendix, was testifying in defense of President Carter's plan to halve tax deductions for business entertainment. But Blumenthal did offer some notable cases of corporate high living, particularly one trencherman who charged off 338 business lunches in one year.

In counterpoint, Representative Schulze claimed that the average cost of a business lunch in his district was \$3.29—just enough, as one committee observer estimated, for two Big Macs and a drink.

A theologically inclined Democrat, Omar Burleson of Texas, was moved to ask: "If a three-martini lunch is so evil, why is this half an evil all right?" Of the seven committee members who questioned the plan, only Democrat Harold E. Ford of Tennessee supported the cut, and even he forced Blumenthal to admit that one result would be the loss of some 50,000 to 70,000 restaurant jobs. When the hearing ended, the Congressmen left no doubt that if anyone restricts the three-martini lunch, it will not be Congress.

Snow Warning

Ever felt tempted on a snowy day to throw back your head and drink in some of those pure white flakes? Try to resist the impulse. After testing samples of snow from several Kansas City areas, Research Chemist David Roberts, a specialist in heavy-metal poisoning, discovered amounts of lead that measured six times the level specified in the Environmental

Protection

Agency's clean-water standards. Even water from the polluted Kansas River proved less leaden than the snow. According to Roberts, car exhausts and factories are spewing into the environment 1,000 times the natural level of lead, and snow acts as a "scrubber" that washes it away. The cliché can now be modernized to read "dirty as the driven snow."



Brute or Mouse

While researching their book, *Wife Beating: The Silent Crisis*, co-authors Roger Langley and Richard C. Levy discovered that husbands get banged around too. In fact, while the pair estimates that there are 28 million battered wives in the country, they put the figure for battered husbands at 12 million. A beaten husband has some extra problems, says Levy. "Should he take the abuse or fight back? Whether he is a sniveling mouse or a Neanderthal brute, society will reject him."

Runners' Rights

For five years now, about 100 joggers of all ages, sizes and lung capacities have huffed away their Sunday mornings together along the streets of Los Altos Hills, Calif. The bucolic town, 40 miles southeast of San Francisco, offered a peaceful setting for the so-called fun runs—until David Proft, a town councilman and high school teacher, got irritated by the hordes that streamed past his home on narrow Moody Road. Charging that group jogging constituted a public danger to motorists and to the runners themselves, he persuaded the town council to draw up an ordinance that would force two or more joggers running together to obtain a special permit from police. Enraged by such Big Brotherism, the joggers sprinted down to city hall last week to plead their case. One spokesman for the runners pointed out that more than 250,000 miles had been jogged in the Los Altos area without an accident. A woman settled the debate. "This is all nonsense," she said. "We don't need any ordinances. We can improve safety regulations, have signs warning drivers about joggers and ensure that joggers obey the law." Case dismissed.



When the Law Is Blind

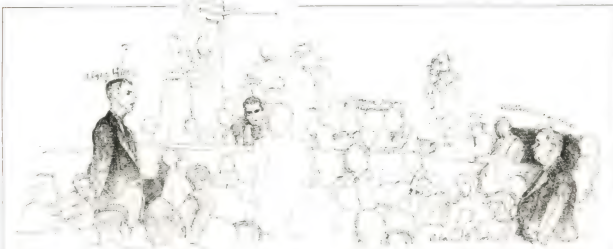
Truck Driver Calvin Knapp ran a write-in, word-of-mouth campaign last November for the unpaid job of constable of Michigan's Novi township. He won, but the satisfaction of victory was tempered by a \$300 fine for having failed to form the proper committees and to file the right reports. Dave Darsky, who ran a losing race for the Berkley school board, contends

that his sole campaign expense was maybe "a little extra dog food" for his poodle Abner, who wore a sandwich board proclaiming VOTE FOR DASKY. HE'LL WORK LIKE A DOG FOR YOUR KIDS. But Darsky too was hit with a \$300 fine. So were some 100 others who ran afoul of Michigan's ridiculously rigid 1976 campaign law.

The law requires all candidates to form campaign and finance committees and file a final financial statement. But hundreds of candidates who ran for obscure posts were not even aware of the intricacies of the new law. Many of them now are refusing to pay their fines.

One more wily protester is Oakland University Political Scientist Lawrence Farley, who won an unpaid position on a local charter advisory commission. Honoring the letter of the law, Farley filed reports on "The Nameless Non-Committee for a Non-Candidate for a Non-Existing Advisory Commission." Total campaign expenses: one 13¢ stamp to mail the form.





Hiss: A New Book Finds Him Guilty as Charged

On the basis of fresh evidence, a scholar concludes that he spied and lied

On a crisp day in January 1950, Alger and Priscilla Hiss sat in a Manhattan courtroom, he pressing his lips in a tight smile, she fingering her handbag. A federal jury was ready to pass judgment on whether he had lied in denying that he had given secret State Department documents to a Soviet agent in 1938. Intoned the forewoman: "We find the defendant guilty on the first count and guilty on the second." Showing almost no emotion, Hiss and his wife slowly walked out of the room, surrounded by a pack of lawyers and spectators.

Thus ended the great spy trial that pitted an elegant, aristocratic cynosure of the Eastern Establishment against a rumpled, relatively obscure, former Communist. For many Americans, the contest was an elemental struggle between good and evil, between leftist New Dealers and right-wing anti-Communists. It divided the nation, set off widespread fears that the State Department was infiltrated by Soviet agents, and helped launch Joseph McCarthy on his hunt for Reds. Moreover, the case gave national prominence to a fledgling California Congressman, Richard Nixon, who used the notoriety to help win a Senate seat in 1950 and the vice presidency in 1952.

The controversy over the trial has continued for nearly 30 years. Who was telling the truth? Was it the serene and unfailingly courteous Hiss, who went to Lewisburg prison for 44 months and today, at age 73, still professes innocence? Or was it his brooding, tormented accuser, Whittaker Chambers, who died on his Maryland farm in 1961? Despite a dozen books and hundreds of articles about the case, many of them little more than briefs

for one side or the other, the question has not been answered conclusively. Now Allen Weinstein, a respected historian at Smith College, has turned up previously undisclosed evidence that inexorably led him to this unqualified verdict: "The jurors made no mistake in finding Alger Hiss guilty as charged."

Weinstein carefully and persuasively documents his conclusion in an absorbing new book due to appear this spring, *Perjury: The Hiss-Chambers Case*, a copy of which was made available to TIME. The historian set out convinced that Hiss was innocent. He changed his mind during five years of research into a mass of records that had never before been studied. Among them were more than 40,000 pages of FBI files, which Weinstein obtained by suing under the Freedom of Information Act. The files of Hiss's own attorneys, which Hiss opened to Weinstein, yielded other revealing facts that

were kept hidden during the trial. The author also questioned more than 80 people who were connected with the Hiss-Chambers drama, including five former Soviet agents, and talked with Hiss on six occasions.

The last meeting between them took place in March 1976 in the office of Publisher Alfred A. Knopf, 21 floors above Manhattan's East 50th Street. After a few minutes of uneasy conversation, Weinstein told Hiss: "When I began working on this book four years ago, I thought I would be able to demonstrate your innocence, but, unfortunately, I have to tell you that I cannot; that my assumption was wrong." Hiss shifted slightly, looked

beyond Weinstein and said: "I'm not surprised." Later he added: "I've always known you were prejudiced against me." When the meeting ended, Weinstein told TIME Senior Correspondent James Bell last week: "I realized I'd never speak to him again. I offered my hand, but he stepped away. He wouldn't even look at me." Hiss told TIME that he was familiar with Weinstein's views but would not comment on them because the book had not yet been published.

In his interview with Bell, Weinstein said simply: "In the end, Chambers' version turned out to be truthful, and Hiss's version did not. Alger Hiss is a victim of the facts."

This judgment will not go unchallenged; when Weinstein published an article in the *New York Review of Books* almost two years ago detailing some of his findings, he stirred up a row, and his book is certain to do the same. For three decades, Hiss has waged a campaign for vindication, and next month he intends to ask the courts again for a new trial on the ground that the prosecution withheld vital evidence from him in 1949.

Hiss lately has been winning new sympathizers—some as a result of his son Tony's apology, *Laughing Last*, and some who look on him as Richard Nixon's first victim. Ironically, Weinstein's book also discredits Nixon's performance, demonstrating that as a member of the House Un-American Activities Committee, he actually fell apart at critical points during the investigation (see box).

Beyond Chambers' charges of espionage cut him down. Hiss had seemed headed for a great future, some associates even thought he was a potential Secretary of State. One of the New Deal's bright young men, he worked briefly for the Agriculture Department and the Nye committee, which was investigating the



*To be published in April (Knopf, \$15)

Nation

arms manufacturers of World War I, and then joined the State Department. In the 1940s he rose almost effortlessly as a protégé of Secretary Edward Stettinius and his deputy, Dean Acheson, serving as an adviser to Franklin Roosevelt at the Yalta conference and as Secretary-General of the founding convention of the United Nations. In 1947, at age 42, he became president of the prestigious Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

Eighteen months later, Chambers (then a senior editor of TIME) told HUAC that Hiss was a Communist. Not so, said Hiss, who also insisted that he had never known Chambers. But Chambers knew so many details about Hiss's life—including the fact that Hiss, an amateur ornithologist, had once spotted a rare prothonotary warbler on the banks of the Potomac—that his adversary was finally forced to reverse himself. Then Chambers made a more serious accusation: that Hiss had passed State Department secrets to him in the late 1930s.

As evidence, Chambers produced four memorandums in Hiss's handwriting and 65 pages of retyped State Department documents, all but one of them undeniably produced on Hiss's old Woodstock typewriter. A few weeks later, Chambers led HUAC investigators to a hollowed-out pumpkin, where he had hidden five rolls of film, two of them containing photographs of confidential Government dispatches that he said had been given to him by Hiss. Because of the statute of limitations, Hiss could not be tried for espionage. Instead, he was indicted on two counts of lying to a federal grand jury, for claiming that he had never given Chambers secret documents nor even met with him in February and March of 1938.

"Poor Chambers," Nixon remarked to an associate early in the investigation. "Nobody ever believes him at first." But Weinstein came away from his research convinced that Chambers usually told the truth. Among the new evidence the historian uncovered were answers—not all ways complete—to these questions:

Was Chambers a Soviet agent? Some Hiss supporters maintain that Chambers' account of life as an underground Soviet courier was largely fiction. In FBI records, however, Weinstein found depositions from ex-spies that confirmed parts of Chambers' story. Additional details were corroborated during interviews with Josef Peters, who headed the American Communist Party's underground work in the 1930s and now lives in Budapest. Nadezhda Ulanovskaya, wife of Chambers' Soviet spy master in 1931-34 and now a resident of Israel, told Weinstein after reading Chambers' 1952 memoir *Witness*: "All of it I find perfectly in order."

Continues Weinstein in his book.



"Ella Winter [who was married to Muckraker Lincoln Steffens] recently recalled having been approached in her New York hotel room in 1933 by 'Harold Phillips,' whom she later identified as Chambers. Phillips asked Winter to transport a large sum of money from New York to California for the un-

derground." She refused. Later, she turned down Chambers' request that she steal some pages from her friend William Bullitt's desk in Washington after Roosevelt appointed him the first U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union.

Was Hiss a Communist? Two close friends of Hiss's were Communists: Government Officials Henry Collins and Lee Pressman, who recommended Hiss for his Nye committee job. Another Communist,

When did Hiss meet Chambers? Hiss initially agreed with Chambers that they met in 1934, then switched to a January 1935 date. But Radical Novelist Josephine Herbst told Hiss's lawyers that Chambers began trying to recruit Hiss for undercover work in July or August 1934.

Hiss insisted that he stopped seeing Chambers by mid-1936—about 18 months before the period when Chambers claimed to have received secret documents from him. But in interviews with Hiss and one of his lawyers, Weinstein learned that Pediatrician Margaret Nicholson recalled for the Hiss defense team that she encountered a heavy-set, "very gruff man" at the Hiss home in January 1937. "You may not come in!" declared the man. Writes Weinstein: "From newspaper photographs in 1949, Dr. Nicholson recognized the man who had answered the door as Whittaker Chambers."



Nathaniel Weyl, told the FBI that Hiss attended meetings of a secret party cell in Washington as early as 1933.

Weinstein also turned up some tantalizing details of how Hiss's 1929 Ford roadster ended up in Communist hands. Hiss testified that he had given the car to Chambers in mid-1935 but changed his story when HUAC investigators established that Hiss actually sold it to an auto dealer on July 23, 1936. That same day the car was resold for \$25—less than half of its market value—to Communist William Rosen, who was acting as the middleman in a dummy transaction. Rosen's lawyer later told one of Hiss's attorneys that the deal had been arranged by "a very high Communist. His name would be a sensation in this case. The man who ultimately got the car is also a Communist."

Was Hiss a Soviet agent? Noel Field, a confessed Soviet agent in the State Department, and his wife Herta fled to Czechoslovakia in 1948 and were questioned by both Czechoslovak and Hungarian security officials. Czech Historian Karel Kaplan, who read the interrogation records 20 years later, told Weinstein that the Fields named Hiss as a Communist underground agent during the 1930s. Indeed, writes Weinstein, "Herta Field, when seized in Prague, initially believed that American intelligence agents had come to kidnap her and bring her back to give evidence against Hiss."

Chambers testified that he gave Hiss and three other agents Bokhara rugs in January 1937 as gestures of appreciation for their undercover work. Hiss admitted receiving a red oriental rug from Chambers, but said it was in 1935 and was par-

Nation



tial payment for a debt. Two other recipients told the FBI that they had received their rugs in early 1937. Moreover, a rug expert hired by the defense established from a description on a sales slip that Hiss's rug was apparently one of four that had been bought by a Communist agent for Chambers in December 1936.

Was Hiss framed? After Hiss's conviction, he insisted that Chambers had forged the 64 typewritten pages used as evidence at the trial. But, in the files of Hiss's lawyers, Weinstein found reports from two experts confirming that the documents were definitely typed on Hiss's Woodstock (serial number N230099) by his wife Priscilla.

During December 1948 and January 1949, Hiss insisted to the FBI and a grand jury that he did not know what had happened to the typewriter, probably, he said, Priscilla had sold it to a junk dealer. But Weinstein found a letter in the defense files demonstrating that as early as Dec-

7, 1948, Hiss knew that Priscilla had given the typewriter in April 1938 to the son of a former maid. Says Weinstein: "While the FBI searched frantically for the machine, Hiss's brother Donald, aided by the maid's son, traced the typewriter in February 1949 but said nothing to the lawyers or the authorities. Two months later, Hiss's lawyer, Edward McLean, made a search of his own, found the machine and told the FBI that he had it." Thus, adds Weinstein, if the typewriter obtained by McLean was a fake, as Hiss later claimed, "the only two people, other than Alger Hiss, in a position to make a switch were Donald Hiss and the maid's son."

As the trial went on, even some of Hiss's attorneys began to doubt his innocence. Says Weinstein: "Several of them were persuaded that either Hiss or his wife committed perjury." Even Priscilla once

deserted his cause. Weinstein reports that in 1968, during a dinner in Chicago, she exploded in anger and, according to a guest, "announced that she was sick of all the lies and cover-ups."

Weinstein found no conclusive proof that Hiss engaged in espionage after Chambers' defection from Communism in 1938. Still, CIA files show that Hiss in 1945 tried to obtain information from the agency's wartime predecessor, the Office of Strategic Services, on internal security matters in Britain, China, France and the Soviet Union. Says Weinstein: "It was obviously a bold move to collect highly classified intelligence data on those countries, whatever his use of the material might have been."

Another intriguing incident occurred in September 1945, when Soviet Ambassador Andrei Gromyko praised Hiss to Secretary of State Stettinius "for his fairness and his impartiality" and suggested that he be appointed temporary Secretary-General of the U.N. By that time, however, the FBI and the State Department's security staff were investigating Hiss's loyalty.

In 1946 Secretary of State James Byrnes cut Hiss off from confidential assignments and restricted his access to confidential documents. He was kept under surveillance, and even his

desk calendar was monitored. But there was no evidence of his disloyalty, not until Whittaker Chambers made his bombshell revelations two years later. Even then, enough doubts existed for Alger Hiss to wage a 30-year fight for vindication—a campaign that shows no signs of slackening, despite Weinstein's fresh evidence that he was guilty as charged. ■

Nixon's Role: No Heroics

Richard Nixon regarded the Alger Hiss case as his first major crisis, and one that he handled masterfully. As President, he frequently urged his aides to read the account of it in his autobiographical *Six Crises*: "Warm up to it, and it makes fascinating reading," he told H.R. Haldeman. Charles Colson claimed to have read the book 14 times. "The fact is," says Historian Allen Weinstein, "Nixon didn't behave very courageously during the Hiss case. He buckled under pressure."

At the climactic point—when the House Un-American Activities Committee was seeking documentary evidence from Whittaker Chambers to revive the flagging case against Hiss—Nixon and his wife left Washington for a cruise to Panama. "I don't think he's got a damned thing," he told Robert Stripling, who was HUAC's chief investigator. Writes Weinstein: "If Chambers' bomb-

shell fizzled, or if it exploded in Stripling's face, Nixon would be in Panama, far from the scene of carnage. He might be embarrassed but not discredited." The day Nixon left the country, Chambers turned over five rolls of film—two of them containing photographs of State Department documents. Three days later, Nixon made a dramatic return to the U.S. aboard a Navy seaplane.

The next day, Nixon was confronted with another crisis: the manufacturer of three rolls reported that they had been made in 1945, meaning that Chambers' evidence was forged. By Nixon's account, he reacted coolly, almost stoically. But

Stripling and other HUAC investigators told Weinstein that Nixon actually became almost hysterical, exclaiming: "Oh my God. This is the end of my political career." In abusive language, he blamed the investigators. He threatened to tell reporters that "we were sold a bill of goods." Minutes later the film manufacturer phoned to say that there had been a mistake: the film had actually been made in 1937.



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Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau (inset) and one of Ottawa's federal government buildings: voicing the bilingual approach to unity

World

CANADA COVER STORY

Secession v. Survival

A proud province raises the fear that a nation could come apart

Most Canadians understand that the rupture of their country would be a crime against the history of mankind.

—Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau

It is more and more sure that a new country will appear, democratically, on the map.

—Quebec Premier René Lévesque

A political time-bomb is ticking away north of the U.S. border. What it threatens is the unity and perhaps even the survival of Canada. The bomb comes in the form of a threat by the separatist government of Quebec to seek independence for the country's largest province. Next week, at an extraordinary three-day meeting, Canada's national and provincial leaders will

gather in Ottawa to discuss means of fighting the country's grave economic problems, which include a galloping 8.5% unemployment and 9.5% inflation. But underlying the talks will be a nervous awareness that Canada's 111-year-old confederation is in danger and that, as Montreal Novelist Hugh MacLennan puts it: "This country we have taken for granted might be lost to us."

It was on Nov. 15, 1976, that Canadians suddenly discovered part of their country might soon be missing. That day Quebec's predominantly French-speaking voters gave 41% of their ballots, enough to form a majority government in the province, to the left-of-center *Parti Québécois*, which only ten years ago was a splinter group on the fringe of provincial politics. Independence for Quebec is

the party's main goal—indeed, its *raison d'être*. Some time next year the government is expected to hold a province-wide referendum. How the issue will be worded is uncertain, but in essence the voters of Quebec will be asked in a plebiscite whether or not their province should take the first steps toward becoming a new, independent North American nation. If Quebec does eventually secede, Canada's already impoverished Atlantic Provinces (Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island) will be perilously isolated from the rest of the country. Separatist pressures, moreover, could very well increase in the western provinces, which have long chafed against the central government's lack of concern for their interests. Canada, in short, could be torn apart.



Premier René Lévesque (inset), shown against the evening skyline of Quebec City: demanding independence for a nation within a state

The resolution of these alarming possibilities rests in large part in the hands of two French-speaking Quebecois: Canada's aloof, intellectual Prime Minister, Pierre Elliott Trudeau, 58, and passionate, populist Quebec Premier René Lévesque (pronounced *Leh-veh*). 55

The two antagonists have much in common, including an acquaintanceship that goes back more than 20 years. Both are outspoken believers in the democratic process, men who are convinced that the coming confrontation between province and nation will be resolved without bloodshed or violence. Both, paradoxically, are held in more or less equal esteem by the 4.8 million French-speaking Quebecois, who constitute around 80% of the province's population. And both men, as sons of Quebec, seek the goal that is at the heart of Canada's crisis. That is the preservation of the French language and culture within a country of 23 million people, nearly three-fourths of whom have English as their first or only language—a country, moreover, that shares a 3,987-mile border with the largest and most powerful English-speaking culture in the world. Says Gerard Pelletier, Canada's Ambassador to Paris and a friend of both Trudeau and Lévesque: "Among Francophone Canadians, wherever they are, only a minute fraction contemplates passively that we might all get assimilated in this

great feast of English-speaking North America."

The difficulty is that Trudeau and Lévesque differ totally on the means to prevent the assimilation of the French—a problem that has dogged Canada ever since British General James Wolfe ended French rule in Quebec with his victory over the Marquis de Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham in 1759. For Trudeau, the safeguarding of the Gallic heritage of Quebec, as well as that of some 1 million other French-speaking Canadians in other provinces, "can and should be done within a tolerant, officially bilingual Canada. For Lévesque, the solution is a homogeneous, independent state where Quebecois can be *maîtres chez nous* (masters in our own house).

Quebec's claim to a distinct identity has for centuries made it Canada's problem child. Novelist MacLennan described the historical relationship between French- and English-speaking Canadians as "the two solitudes." Roman Catholic, French-speaking, stamped by a different culture and tradition, the mostly rural Quebecois lived a separate life from that of the province's Protestant, English-speaking mi-

nority, which centered its activities around Montreal and the nearby Eastern Townships. For the Anglophone elite, the hub of Quebec life was Montreal's fashionable Sherbrooke Street, within easy distance of the banks and big businesses that they dominated almost exclusively. For the French-speaking upper class of lawyers, intellectuals and politicians, it was the history-drenched Grande Allée, in the provincial capital of Quebec City, 150 miles farther north along the St. Lawrence River. The two peoples were more or less separate but certainly not equal as early as 1831. Alexis de Tocqueville noted that "the immense majority is everywhere French. But it is easy to see that the French are the conquered race."

The St. Lawrence—frozen solid or clogged with ice floes for nearly five months a year—is the lifeline of Quebec: a rugged land of 594,860 sq. mi., bigger than France and Spain combined. As in the rest of Canada, most of the province's population huddles along a narrow ribbon in the south: the vast majority of Quebecois live within 50 miles of the St. Lawrence, and 82% live within 200 miles of Montreal (pop. 2,758,780). Quebec is rich in iron, copper, zinc and timber, and produces 80% of the non-Communist world's asbestos. Its 450 rivers give it huge reserves of hydropower. Vast hydroelectric projects, like the \$16.2 billion James Bay



English-speaking schoolchildren receiving French-language instruction in Montreal
A draconian law that makes the majority language the only "official" one.



P Québécois Cultural Affairs Minister Camille Laurin
Quebec is to be "as French as Ontario is English."

complex now under construction (see map), have made Quebec one of the world's major centers of aluminum production. The province is also a principal Canadian manufacturing center for textiles, garments and shoes, industries that provide 25% of Quebec jobs. With a gross provincial product of \$45 billion, Quebec provides 23% of Canada's total G.N.P., second only to neighboring Ontario. If Quebec became independent tomorrow, Lévesque likes to boast, it would rank as the 23rd wealthiest nation in the world, ahead of Iran and South Africa.

Much of the province's development dates from the early 1960s, when it underwent an expansion of education and state enterprises that French-speaking Quebecers call *la Révolution Tranquille* (the Quiet Revolution). With the door suddenly open to new opportunities, the church-oriented conservative rural *habitant* rapidly evolved into the secular, outgoing urban Quebecois, with typically North American tastes for big cars, color-television sets and *le rock*. Quebecers trained in economics and sociology thronged into the glass-and-steel cubicles of a mushrooming provincial bureaucracy. But despite this *rattrapage* (catching up), English-speaking Canadians retained their dominant role in business. Among the 105 largest private companies in Quebec, only

14 have a majority of French-speaking directors; in the other 91, only 9% of directors are Francophones. French remained the dominant language on the factory floor, where Gallic Quebecers held disproportionate numbers of the lowest-paying jobs. English was the tongue of management. Some French Quebecers felt that they were being treated as "the white niggers of America"—and in their homeland to boot.

It was in the early '60s that resentment against Anglophone domination led to the first stirrings of radical separatist feelings, embodied by the tiny Quebec Liberation Front (F.L.Q.). Terrorist F.L.Q. members planted bombs in mailboxes outside homes in Montreal's affluent Anglophone suburb of Westmount. Separatism received a huge burst of publicity in 1967, when the late Charles de Gaulle gave his notorious "*Vive le Québec libre!*" speech at Montreal's city hall. Around the same time, portions of Quebec's 850,000-member union movement turned to Marxist ideology, launching widespread strikes and demonstrations. In 1969, when Montreal police and fire-

men went on a 16-hour strike for higher pay, hundreds of thugs and militant students launched an orgy of robbing, burning and looting. Property damage came to \$3 million; two men were shot dead.

The terrorist activity reached its height in Canada's October Crisis of 1970. F.L.Q. gunmen kidnaped British Trade Commissioner James ("Jasper") Cross and Quebec Labor Minister Pierre Laporte, eventually murdering the latter. Prime Minister Trudeau invoked Canada's 1914 War Measures Act, placing the entire country under martial law. Quebecers were deeply traumatized by the presence of gun-toting soldiers in their midst, but an overwhelming majority approved the harsh antiterrorist measures.

While Laporte's murder completely discredited the F.L.Q. radicals, it did not demolish moderate, democratic separatists—like René Lévesque and his *Parti Québécois*. Slowly and steadily, the *P Québécois* continued to gain ground, helped considerably by the sloppy government of the dominant Quebec Liberal Party. Then came the 1976 election. At the P.Q. victory party in Montreal's Paul Sauvé Arena, 6,000 supporters embraced, wept and roared out the words of a modern Quebec *chanson*: "Tomorrow belongs to us." The message was not lost on Quebec's 800,000 English-speaking citizens—or on the rest of Canada.



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Housing prices slumped in Westmont, Mount Royal, Hampstead and Montreal's outlying English-speaking suburbs as homeowners left the province. In the first nine months of 1977, Quebec suffered a net loss of 30,622 people. Some nervous English Quebecers who decided to stay deposited their savings at banks in such U.S. border cities as Plattsburgh, N.Y., and Burlington, Vt. Last month a major uproar broke out when Canada's largest life insurance company, Sun Life Assurance Co. (assets \$5.5 billion), announced that it was moving its headquarters from Montreal to Toronto. After urgent personal pleas from Prime Minister Trudeau, Sun Life officials said that the firm and its 1,800 head-office employees would stay—for two more years.

Why separatism? Why now? For the *Parti Québécois*, the answer is simple logic: a people with a common language, customs and culture should "naturally" form a nation-state. That conviction has been nourished by a sudden, popular expansion of French pride, in which Quebec became, if not a political state, most certainly a state of mind. It is summarized in a provincial-government slogan: "*De plus en plus en Québec, c'est en français que ça se passe*" (More and more in Quebec, it's in French that things are happening). Quebec has sprouted dozens of novelists, playwrights and *chansonniers* who sing their culture's praises and bewail their unhappy history as a conquered people. One of the most popular plays in Quebec City, *La Complainte des Iivers Rouges* (The Red Winters' Lament), by Roland LePage, salutes the leaders of an abortive 1837 rebellion against the British with the lines

You taught us to climb toward the heights.

It took us a while, but now we are following you.

The real reasons behind separatist feeling in Quebec are more complicated than that. The rapid industrialization of the province has brought unprecedented mobility to Quebecois—and with it, uncertainty about whether their unique way of life can possibly last. The Quebecois birth rate, once the highest in Canada, has become the lowest: 15 per 1,000 people. The French-speaking proportion of Canada's population has dropped from 27% to 25%, and is likely to decrease further. Since 1946, nearly 378,000 immigrants, mostly Greeks and Italians, have come to Montreal. In nine cases out of ten, the newcomers learned English, rather than French, as their new working language. That was especially painful to Que-

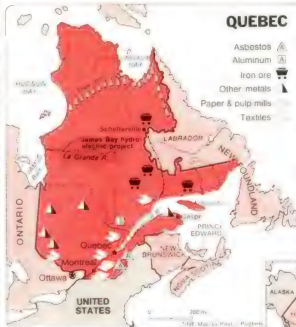
beckers, who are proud to call Montreal the second-largest French-speaking city in the world.

Many Quebecers fear the compelling force of North America's predominant language and culture. When French-speaking sons and daughters of the province learn English—as they frequently must to gain jobs or advance in them—they begin to be weaned from their native language. Outside Quebec, Canada's scattered French-speaking minority regularly loses a large part of its younger generation to English-speaking North America. Says Quebecois Poet Fernand Ouellette: "In a milieu of bilingualism, there is no coexistence; there is only a continuous aggression of the language of the majority." Quebecois are particularly bit-

ter to practice in Quebec. Corporations will be monitored by a government board to ensure that French becomes the "language of work." To pacify English-speaking Big Business, the Quebec government has promised to tailor exceptions for some 40 national and international corporate head offices located in Montreal.

The most controversial part of the law deals with education. It radically limits the right of new residents of Quebec—including Canadians coming from predominantly English-speaking provinces—to send their children to English-speaking schools. Among Quebecers, only a student with at least one parent who attended Anglophone institutions can attend, all others must learn in French. The aim, says Quebec's Cultural Affairs Minister Camille Laurin, is "to make Quebec as French as Ontario is English." It is also a *de facto* move toward separation.

In the rest of Canada, the *Parti Québécois* determination to break away from the confederation has created fear, frustration and resentment. "What more can the people of other provinces do?" asks Carrol Potter, a retired Canadian armed forces veteran in tiny Middleton, N.S. "We have a French Canadian Governor-General (who represents Queen Elizabeth II), a French Canadian Prime Minister and a lopsided number of French Canadians in the federal cabinet in Ottawa.



ter because little effort is given to preserving their language in the rest of Canada. Quebec has traditionally provided comprehensive, tax-supported education and complete social services in English to its English-speaking minority. No other province fully reciprocates.

The *Parti Québécois* solution to the language issue has been to preserve French by restricting the use of English. A draconian law known as Bill 101, approved by the legislative assembly last August, makes French the only "official" language in Quebec. Under its terms, all business with the provincial government must be conducted in French. All professionals, such as doctors and lawyers, must display "appropriate" fluency in or-

"Last month a Quebec judge ruled that a part of Bill 101 was unconstitutional. French cannot be the only official language in the provincial legislature or provincial courts, he said, since use of English there is guaranteed by Canada's constitution.

[twelve out of 33]. Yet we are told that the French Canadian is still dissatisfied."

Gloom is particularly deep in the Maritimes, where unemployment ranges from 10.4% to 17.5%. Reason: Quebec's separation would leave the four provinces and their 2.1 million people with 300 miles of foreign territory between them and the rest of Canada. Says Premier Alex Campbell of Prince Edward Island: "We would have only our poverty to share with any other province still around to become a partner with us."

In Canada's booming Western provinces, separatism reinforces strains of a different kind. Western premiers are

pressing for additions to their already considerable powers under Canada's founding British North America (BNA) Act of 1867. Among them: a provincial veto over federal decisions concerning natural resources, a greater say in the operation of the Bank of Canada and a hand in the appointment of Canada's Supreme Court judges. Says Manitoba Premier Sterling Lyon: "English Canada tends to see Ottawa's tunnel vision [toward Quebec] as distracting from real issues."

In such Western Canadian provinces as British Columbia and Alberta, the belief that the central government ignores their collective needs is virtual Holy Writ

There are even Westerners who preach their own brand of separatism. Says John Rudolph, a wealthy, independent oilman in Calgary, Canada's oil capital: "If Quebec separates, Western Canada will become more important and will be able to negotiate its own membership in Canada." Rudolph, however, is in the minority; the overwhelming majority of Western Canadians want their country to remain united.

This is the grim climate in which Pierre Trudeau and René Lévesque are now circling each other like wary knife fighters, probing before attack. Quebecois call the longstanding separatism debate

one between head and heart, between reason and sentiment. Surely no two opponents better fit their respective roles.

In personality, Trudeau and Lévesque are almost exact opposites. Canada's Prime Minister is cerebral, disciplined, removed, impatient with his intellectual inferiors. His personal motto is "Reason over passion." Trudeau is a political theorist turned political activist who thinks of himself as a philosopher-statesman. His public speeches frequently sound like university lectures. First elected Prime Minister in 1968, partly because of his Kennedy-like charismatic appeal, he has seldom been far from the front pages.

Lévesque: The Dynamism of Change

Chain-smoking as always, Quebec Premier René Lévesque perched on the edge of an easy chair in the annex to his Quebec City office as he talked with TIME Ottawa Bureau Chief John M. Scott and Staff Writer George Russell. Excerpts from the interview:

Q. Quebec's situation is unlikely to be resolved soon. What lies five years ahead?

A. Progressively, there's a dynamic of change taking over in Canada and Quebec, and that will not stop. If we're not there in 1983, we're going to be very close to a new setup which would incorporate a new Quebec, more self-governing than other entities in Canada, and to a chance to revamp the rest of Canada. Personally, I think we're going to win the referendum. The margin I don't think will be that much, but one thing could emerge. There could be a very strong majority of the 81% French population in Quebec, which could be diminished by a bloc vote on the English-speaking side.

Q. Do you see any chance that the Quebec situation could lead to violence?

A. Canadian democracy and Quebec democracy are strong enough to go through a democratic process of change. Constitutions are never written for eternity, even though we think of them that way. In the case of Britain and the [American] colonies, when the time came, the time came. It wasn't written anywhere, but that's the way it should be.

Q. What do you mean by a "more self-governing Quebec"?

A. We mean political independence in the sense of having all the essential equipment that has to do, for instance, with population balance. That takes in immigration and language legislation. It also takes in the tax base and public

revenue, full responsibility for internal development, and full responsibility for anything that has to do with foreign relations.

Q. If the referendum fails, will you discuss constitutional change within Canada?

A. I wouldn't buy it. If eventually Quebec should go back to a sort of patch-up



Quebec Premier Lévesque during interview

job of an obsolete system, by that time I think I'd be retired anyway. There's no halfway house in a federal system. You're either out or you're in, and the rest is patch-up.

Q. Are you concerned by the flight of business from Montreal?

A. We are worried in the short term because it is part of a poisonous climate that is being maintained in great part

by our own English-speaking media and by federal propaganda. Longer term, I think [the flight of business] is a promising trend. You have to go through breaking some eggs before the omelet appears. I'm not talking about industrial operations and their profits. I'm talking about people who, under a federal system, can come in from the outside, pick up our savings and ignore the majority around them. As long as we are under the present setup, we're exposed to blackmail by those bastards, and we're exposed to destabilizing intentions.

Q. What about the problem of an independent Quebec separating the Maritime Provinces from the rest of Canada?

A. Alaska, after all, is part of the American union, and yet has about 1,100 miles of Canada between it and the continental U.S. It hasn't been considered something impossible that 1,100 miles of a foreign country can still allow for free flow and good connections.

Q. Would a sovereign Quebec honor its defense commitments?

A. We'd certainly be able to carry much of the load we're carrying now, and it would be more productive. We pay our share of the Canadian defense freight. It doesn't have much fallout in Quebec. We could afford to shoulder as much of the load as we're shouldering now, and if we had to, it would be a lot more stimulating, because at least we'd get the economic benefit from it. My personal opinion is that it would be completely unnecessary to keep the normal, basic Western ties, including NATO.

Q. Your government is perceived abroad as left-wing. What is your response?

A. The times call for some reassessment of the interchange between private and community interest. The absolute lordship of private interests has had its day, and will have to adapt to a mixed system. That's eventually going to be true in the U.S. as well as elsewhere.

World

some of which he would prefer to have avoided—most notably those recounting the stormy breakup last spring of the marriage to his young, attractive wife Margaret.

Lévesque, by contrast, is a chain-smoking, disorganized, hot-tempered bundle of emotional energy from one of Quebec's poorest farming regions. His manner is shy and self-deprecating. While Trudeau's speeches are structured and formal, Lévesque's are extemporaneous, meandering marvels that somehow manage to reduce complex abstractions to simple—often too simple—terms. He is extraordinarily popular with his constituents: polls show that Lévesque would be overwhelmingly re-elected today.

Despite their differences, the careers of the two Quebecois are curiously intertwined, and reflect both the unity and conflict within Quebec's tightly knit society. Said Claude Ryan, until recently editor of Montreal's intellectual daily *Le Devoir*: "Destiny has for a long time prepared Messieurs Lévesque and Trudeau for a decisive confrontation."

Truudeau was born in 1919 in Montreal's affluent, French-speaking Outremont district, the son of a millionaire oil and land investor. He attended the best Jesuit schools, consistently topping his class. He went on to the University of Montreal law school, then spent two years studying politics and economics at Harvard and in Paris and London. He returned to Quebec in 1949 as a labor lawyer and economist. Trudeau flirted with socialism and became an outspoken civil libertarian, fighting against the autocratic and nationalist provincial government of Premier Maurice Duplessis. Early on, Trudeau accepted the idea of Quebec as a nation and a people, but never saw the necessity that it be a political state. As he later wrote in his political journal *Cité Libre* (Open City), ethnically based governments are "by nature intolerant, discriminatory, and, when all is said and done, totalitarian."

Lévesque was born in New Carlisle (pop. 1,100) on Quebec's Gaspé Peninsula. The son of a local lawyer, he attended Laval University in Quebec City, where he earned a B.A. but spent much of his time playing poker (he is "reckless" at it, says a partner of later days). Lévesque was suspended from Laval's law school in his third year for smoking in a lecture hall, and took the opportunity to drop out. Lévesque, who speaks a fine, colloquial English, worked in Europe as a broadcaster with the U.S. Office of War Information during World War II, and for Canadian radio in Korea. Afterward, he quickly became Quebec's most popular television newsmen. Lévesque first met

Trudeau in 1952, at the behest of their mutual friend, Gérard Pelletier, in an encounter that set the tone for most of their future dealings. "You speak well," said Trudeau brusquely, "but can you write?" Trudeau then reminded the startled journalist that Lévesque was two years overdue on a promised contribution to *Cité Libre*.

In 1960, Lévesque was elected a member of the Quebec Liberal government headed by Premier Jean Lesage, and thus was in on the beginning of the Quiet Revolution. As Minister of Natural Resources, Lévesque soon established himself as a radical force within the Cabinet, and in 1963 pushed through one of the most important measures of that period: nationalization of the province's private electrical utilities into Hydro-Quebec



General Wolfe dying on the Plains of Abraham

Ever since then a relationship of saltitudes

(current assets: \$6.5 billion). At the time Lévesque was labeled "Rene the Red" for his advocacy of the scheme. He was twitted by Trudeau, then a Montreal law professor, for insisting on a full takeover of the utilities. Partial takeover was enough, said Trudeau, spending public funds to own more than that was an expensive currying of nationalist pride. Lévesque was a strong Quebec nationalist even then. Said he in 1963: "I am first a Quebecois and second, with a rather growing doubt, a Canadian."

Trudeau took the opposite tack for solving Quebec's problems; he sought to change English Canada from within. Convinced of the need to fight rising separatism, he entered national politics in 1965 as a Liberal member of Parliament from Mount Royal in Montreal. Three years later, after serving as Canada's Justice Minister and Attorney-General, he

succeeded the late Lester ("Mike") Pearson as Prime Minister. During Trudeau's first election campaign, young girls—including his future wife—flung themselves at him. Businessmen asked for his autograph. Crowds gathered wherever he went. Said Trudeau in those pailmy days: "However Canadians are classified, the needs of each must be recognized."

In trying to meet that ideal, Trudeau, in one of his first major steps, elevated French to equal status with English, at least insofar as the federal government could. His 1969 Official Languages Act provided that French could be used in federal courts across Canada and in any dealings with the government. He raised the number of French-speaking employees in Canada's 330,000-member civil service from 9% to 27%, roughly their proportion of the population. Trudeau warned English-speaking bureaucrats that they would need fluency in both languages for many jobs, and had language courses instituted for them. Legislation was passed requiring that products be labeled in French as well as English. When an English-speaking man expressed horror at seeing "paillettes de maïs" (cornflakes) on one side of his breakfast-cereal box, the Prime Minister snapped: "Turn the damned box around!"

Trudeau's \$750 million bilingualism program upset many bureaucrats. In the Western provinces, it was felt that, in a popular and apt phrase, "French is being stuffed down our throats." All of a sudden, for example, there were bilingual STOP/ARRÊT signs in Rocky Mountain national parks. Trudeau lost prestige even among Quebecers in July 1976, when commercial air service in Canada was shut down for nine days because 2,700 pilots and 2,200 air-traffic controllers went on strike to protest government plans for bilingual air-traffic control over Quebec. Trudeau's government

caved in, and many outraged Quebecers suddenly became P.Q. supporters.

Trudeau has suffered the lumps any politician who has held office for ten years can expect to accumulate. The country's original infatuation with its leader waned, rekindled briefly at his last election in 1974, then waned again. His government has shown many signs of tired blood. These include scandals involving Cabinet ministers and other Liberal Party officials, and admissions that the legendary Royal Canadian Mounted Police have taken part in illegal entries and the unauthorized opening of mail. (The latter scandal was compounded last week when Trudeau's Solicitor-General, Francis Fox, 38, who was responsible for the Mounties, announced that he was resigning because he had forged a husband's signature in order to get an abortion for a married par amour.) Before the *Péquist* victory, Tru-

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Margaret and Pierre Trudeau dancing, 1971
An original infatuation waned

deau's government had the approval of only 29% of Canadians.

While the Prime Minister's star was tumbling, that of the premier-to-be was beginning a new rise. After failing to convince Quebec's reformist Liberals that they should adopt a separatist policy, Lévesque quit the party in 1967 to found the *Mouvement Souveraineté Association*, the forerunner of his *Parti Québécois*. He squeezed out radical elements, earning a reputation as a democratic moderate, and thus the organization survived the anti-separatist backlash that followed the F.L.Q. kidnappings. In 1968, Lévesque predicted that his party would pick up 20% of the vote in its first provincial election and become Quebec's official opposition in the second. "From there, it is only necessary to wait one's turn to be the government." His turn came the third time around. In 1976, the P.Q. toppled the Liberal government of Lévesque's onetime friend Robert Bourassa, winning 69 of 110 seats in the provincial assembly. In a calculated ploy, Lévesque downplayed the separatist issue and instead ran hard on a platform of good government.

Nonetheless, Lévesque made clear that sooner or later Quebec would face a referendum on separatism.

If the voters were asked directly to choose independence from a range of options, polls show, the *Péquistes* would lose. Only 19% of the population favor that stark choice. However, 40% approve "sovereignty-association," which is the way that Lévesque refers to independence plus a hoped-for economic union with the rest of Canada. But fully 67% of the same sample favor "revised federalism," meaning constitutional changes that would give Quebec greater autonomy within the Ca-

nadian confederation. Faced with that evidence of fluid opinion, P.Q. experts are now debating how to word the referendum question to give Lévesque the best chance of winning a favorable vote. Their probable strategy will be to woo more people into the camp of "sovereignty-association" by asking for power merely to "negotiate" that option. This step-by-step approach aims at allowing the *Péquistes* to create their own wave of support—and implicitly includes the idea of repeated referendums until independence is reached.

Meantime, Trudeau and Lévesque are playing a political cat-and-mouse game. Lévesque has refused to name a specific date for the referendum vote. He is waiting for Trudeau to call a national election; that is considered likely this spring or in the fall. The P.Q. would presumably argue that anything less than overwhelming support for the Prime Minister was proof that the rest of Canada had no concern for Quebec. The P.Q.'s hopes for a Trudeau setback are not entirely far-fetched, since the Trudeau government's popularity zoomed after the *Péquistes* victory but has now dropped back to 42%, 34% for the opposition Conservatives, led by youthful Western Canadian Joseph Clark, 38.

Lévesque's separatist ambitions leave some serious questions without satisfactory answers. One is the potential fate of the 1 million French-speaking Canadians who live outside Quebec. Should Quebec secede, protection for their cultural identity, which is already meager, would almost certainly disappear. The *Péquistes* solution is that non-Quebecois French Canadians would have the choice of emigrating to the new Quebec—a kind of diaspora in reverse. Considering the province's 11% unemployment rate, that is not an inviting prospect for many. Moreover, the Acadians of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and the French-speaking descendants of Manitoba's fur trappers have traditions of their own. By and large, French-speaking Canadians outside Quebec seem to want more equality, not an uprooting of their lives. Says Raymond Poirier, executive director of Winnipeg's Franco-Manitoban Society: "If they continue to pass laws that do not permit the Francophone community to grow, they will have to build a fence around us and turn it into a zoo."

As the polls on separatism indicate, there is a serious doubt as to how much in tune with its electorate the *Parti Québécois* government really is on its fundamental goal. Sociologist Guy Rocher of the University of Montreal argues that while Quebec's cultural elite is nationalistic, statist, European in outlook, and intellectual in expression, the mass culture of the average Quebecois is less wedded to government, more pragmatic, and oriented toward the U.S. As a pro-American populist, Lévesque is something of an exception in his 26-member

Cabinet. With 17 graduate and postgraduate degrees among its membership, it certainly fits Sociologist Rocher's description as elite.

Another major question is whether separation would contribute to the regressive isolation of Quebec from North America. That is Trudeau's contention. Says he: "Our Holy Mother the Church is being replaced by holy nationalism. We're forbidding French-Canadian parents to send their children to English schools just as, 20 years ago, Catholic parents were forbidden to send their children to Protestant schools." The repressive nature of Bill 101 seems to back him up.

Will Lévesque's government stay in office long enough to win what it wants? Corporate investors are discouraged by the government's "anti-scab" law, which will in effect shut down factories when employees are on strike, and by the mandatory minimum wage—currently \$3.27 an hour, the highest in Canada. There are popular grumbles about the unemployment rate, which is still climbing. Moreover, the Liberals are likely to choose as their new leader Montreal Journalist Claude Ryan, he is deeply respected in Quebec and is an ardent believer in more power for the province, within federalism. Thus, by election time in 1980—for that matter, before the *Péquistes* referendum—the voters may have a vigorous and attractive alternative to Lévesque.

By then, Quebecers will know that the economic union with Canada that Lévesque wants may not be feasible. No fewer than five provincial premiers—including Ontario's William Davis—have said they will not negotiate any such arrangement. Simon Reisman, an Ottawa



René Lévesque fording Korean stream, 1951
It is only necessary to wait one's turn.

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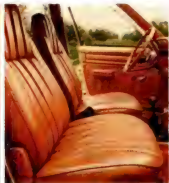
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World

financial consultant, points out that the bulk of Quebec's secondary exports—textiles, garments, shoes—depend heavily on the highly protected Canadian market. "Other Canadians," he says, "are prepared to accept this cost only to the extent that they believe it binds the nation together."

Hostility toward Quebec is bound to increase if Lévesque wins a referendum. Somewhat inadvertently, Trudeau himself raised the specter of serious violence over Quebec's separation. In a televised interview last month, the Prime Minister said that he would not "be shy about using the sword" if illegal separation was attempted. Trudeau's comment caused a strong reaction at home and abroad but was taken somewhat out of context. As he has made clear many times, he believes that Lévesque's government is committed to democracy and respects the law. Nonetheless, the way in which many Canadians leaped upon Trudeau's "sword" comment indicates the tensions buried not far beneath the still civilized surface of Canada's crisis.

Some editorialists have compared Quebec's desire for autonomy with the mood of the American South prior to the Civil War. The two situations are far from the same. For one thing, there is no direct competition between differing economic systems in Quebec and the rest of Canada, as there was between the industrializing Union and the largely rural Confederacy. For another, the issue of language rights is not comparable to the passionate issue of slavery—although some radical separatists outside the *Parti Québécois* would like to think otherwise.

Still, Francophone families do feel some of the agonizing splits that tore American homes more than a century ago. Instead of brother against brother, they are more often elders against children, since *Parti Québécois* support most often comes from the younger generation. Says Martine Hébert, a student in Quebec City: "I have an uncle in Toronto. He says that we're cretins, that a separate Quebec would not survive. How can he judge? He looks at it with the eye of a person from a foreign country."

In at least one foreign country the U.S.—there is the same kind of apprehension. Although it has carefully steered clear of any hint of interfering in its neighbor's internal affairs, the Carter Administration agrees with Trudeau that Canada's breakup would be a major tragedy. The U.S. has many reasons for feeling that way, not the least of which is a historic sense of neighborliness, reinforced by millions of individual contacts between Americans and Canadians every year.

Beyond that, Canada is America's

largest commercial partner, with a joint volume of trade that reached \$50 billion last year. U.S. investments in Canada total some \$30 billion. Canadian investments in the U.S. add up to \$5 billion. The two countries are tied together in countless undertakings. Among them are the joint operation of the St. Lawrence Seaway and, most recently, the \$12 billion Alcan pipeline, which will bring Alaskan natural gas to the Lower 48 by 1983. Such projects could be upset or stopped by Quebec's separation.

Canada and the U.S. are also linked in defense matters, primarily by NATO and the North American Air Defense Com-

mand (NORAD). There are NORAD radar installations in Quebec. One-third of Canada's air interceptor force is stationed there. Canadian antisubmarine forces protect the Gulf of St. Lawrence and other coastal waters from the dangers of submarine missile attack. Despite René Lévesque's assurances, there is no hard guarantee that an independent Quebec would—or could—take part in the same defensive commitments.

Quebec separation has hurried along a change in Canadian-U.S. relations—for the better. For many reasons, including the Viet Nam War and some of Richard Nixon's economic policies, chilliness set in during the early '70s. The ebbing of good will was reinforced, ironically

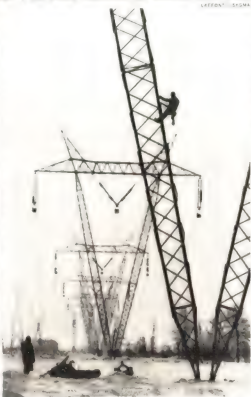
enough, by a tide of nationalism in English-speaking Canada. Trudeau's government embarked on a series of irritations of the U.S. involving gas and oil export price hikes without the usual neighborly consultation, and other commercial matters including tax-law changes that resulted in the closing of *TIMES*' special Canadian editorial edition).

Ottawa's relations with the U.S. began to improve markedly around the time of Lévesque's victory. Canadian nationalism, which had begun to peak, subsided. Cultural chauvinism, however, still shows signs of life, especially in Ontario. Last summer Canada's government-owned radio network canceled a production of *Richard III* when native-born actors protested the hiring of British citizens—including Actress Maggie Smith—for the lead roles. On the political front, Prime Minister Trudeau has a far closer relationship with Jimmy Carter than he did with Richard Nixon or with Gerald Ford. Carter, in turn, has placed more emphasis on North American harmony than his predecessors did. Thus when Vice President Walter Mondale returned from Ottawa last month, he declared that relations with Canada "have probably never been better."

How that relationship will continue now hangs on Canada's fate. The odds on Lévesque's success currently seem low, but the *Parti Québécois* will persevere in its separatist mission. Should it succeed, a rump Canada would undoubtedly fall further within the U.S. economic orbit. Another concern is that in the struggle, the government in Ottawa—which is already weak by U.S. standards—will lose so much authority that Canada will have trouble directing its social and economic future.

Much now rests upon the shoulders of Pierre Trudeau, who says that the task is "to win the hearts and minds of Quebecers to stay in confederation." Trudeau is keeping a large part of his counterstrategy against separatism under wraps. But among other things, his government

intends to arm itself with the power to call its own referendum, in case René Lévesque unfairly biases the Quebec plebiscite question. The central government is also preparing proposals for constitutional change: for example, stronger provincial representation on Canada's Supreme Court and in other national institutions, and a bill of rights protecting French- and English-language rights. These would not only placate Western Canadians but might also make Lévesque seem unreasonable to Quebec voters should he refuse to accept them. All that is still part of the future. At present the stark fact is that Canadians may have to struggle harder than at any other time in their history to keep their future intact.



Worker on Hydro-Quebec power line near Montreal

"It's in French that things are happening."

World

MIDDLE EAST

The Problems Sadat Left Behind

One of them is the settlements that block a settlement

When Egyptian President Anwar Sadat flew to Washington last week, he left behind him a peace process that had ground very nearly to a halt. As one Egyptian official put it, "The two sides have gone as far as they can in bilateral negotiations. The time has come for the U.S. to step in and break the logjam."

Sadat left for the U.S. at a time of rising tension between the U.S. and Israel over the establishment of new Israeli settlements in the occupied West Bank of the Jordan River. There are only about 4,500 Israelis in the West Bank (compared with 700,000 Arabs). Nonetheless, the U.S. has always opposed the settlements, partly because they violate Article 49 of the Fourth Geneva Convention, which prohibits a country from moving its own people into occupied territories, and partly because the pioneer communities are a provocation to the Arabs. On the other hand, Israeli Premier Menachem Begin has always insisted upon the right of Jews to live in Judea and Samaria (the biblical lands that encompassed the West Bank) and their historical obligation to settle it. On separate visits to Washington last year, Begin and Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan assured U.S. officials that there would be no new civilian settlements in the West Bank and that any new pioneers in the area would live within the confines of existing army camps.

Since last October, nine new settlements have been established that are ostensibly within army camps. Last month a tenth settlement was started at Shiloh (see box). Begin told President Carter that

the Shiloh settlement was authorized strictly as an archaeological exploration site, though the settlers themselves admitted frankly that they were in Shiloh to stay. The U.S. had hoped to avoid an open quarrel with Jerusalem on the eve of Sadat's visit, but Carter did send a stiff letter about Shiloh to Begin, who was said to be shocked and angered by its language. Privately, Administration officials are furious, feeling they have not been fairly treated by the Premier and his colleagues. They understood Dayan to have told them



last September that there would be no new civilian settlements in the West Bank "for a year." Or did he mean for the remainder of 1977? It is unclear whether the other nine settlements started since October will eventually be turned over to civil authority, but there is little doubt that Shiloh is intended to become a permanent settlement.

Dayan insisted last week that he had made no such promise about the settlements, but a U.S. official snapped, "Our notes [from the September meeting] differ." Another Administration official was more blunt: "They're lying," he said. "There's no other way to call it." Sadat was expected to ask Carter to put pressure on Israel to dismantle the settlements. As one U.S. official in Jerusalem put it, "We don't like it, but what can we do? We can't stop a sovereign government from doing what it wants." Nonetheless, American diplomats are troubled by a feeling that Jerusalem still does not fully understand the implications of the settlement ventures or the extent to which they may impede negotiations.

Helped along by the amiable rapport that Israeli Defense Minister Ezer Weizman has developed with his Egyptian counterpart, Mohammed Abdel Ghany Ghamasy, the two sides made some limited progress last week at the second round of the military talks in Cairo. At the outset, nobody was particularly optimistic, but in three days of talks the delegates narrowed the gap toward a Sinai settlement. The Egyptians reportedly suggested that the Israelis could keep their settlements in the Rafah salient of the northern Sinai for a limited time (the exact period to be decided later), as part of a U.N. buffer zone, and retain their settlements along the Gulf of Aqaba—but only under Egyptian rule, as Cairo's wel-



Defense Ministers Weizman (left) and Ghamasy at Cairo talks

Amiable rapport between two men contributed to some limited progress.



Bourquie (left) welcoming Syria's Hafez Assad

Outsmarted by Sadat and undecided what to do about it

come guests." More important, the Egyptians seemed ready to allow Israel to keep its big military airbase at Etzion and continue using the military airbase at Eitam as a civilian airfield. Weizman took the proposals home with him for Begin's Cabinet to study, and hopes to renew the talks within two or three weeks.

Of the four major airfields the Israelis currently have in the Sinai (see map), Eitam and Etzion are regarded as vital to their national defense. From Etzion, which is located in an area with few flat spaces, Israeli jets can patrol not only the Strait of Tiran but also (with mid-air refueling) Bab el Mandeb at the southern end of the Red Sea. Squadrons at Eitam can guard the southern coast of the Mediterranean and the Sinai as far as the Suez Canal.

To reduce their nation's vulnerability in the event of a surprise attack, Israel's military leaders are convinced that they need more airfields than the four they have today within the country's pre-1967 borders. They also need additional bases simply to accommodate their air force, which is three times as large as it was in 1967. Some U.S. observers have suggested that Israel should be giving more thought to building additional fields within its own borders, but either way, the costs are enormous. To rebuild Etzion 25 to 40 miles to the northeast would cost at least \$1 billion—a tab the Israelis would expect the U.S. to pick up as part of the peace package.

While Sadat and Carter conferred in Washington, Algerian President Houari Boumedienne was host at another kind of summit taking place in Algiers. There the Arab leaders of the so-called steadfast states, who oppose Sadat's peace initiative, were trying to develop a new strategy of their own. As at a previous meeting in Tripoli, the results were minimal.

First the Iraqis decided to boycott the meeting, partly because they felt the other participants would be too moderate and partly because they were miffed that the meeting did not take place in Baghdad. Then it appeared that Libyan Strongman Muammar Gaddafi was also staying home; he finally showed up a day late, as did George Habash, head of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine.

There was some predictable anti-U.S. rhetoric, including a complaint by Algerian Foreign Minister Abdelaziz Bouteflika about an "American-Zionist" plot to keep the Soviet Union out of the peace process. But when it came time to define what measures should be taken against Sadat, none was forthcoming. Concluded TIME Correspondent Dean Breslin: "Sadat so far has outsmarted the Arabs who oppose him because he continues to insist on a comprehensive settlement. They are clearly afraid that, despite the countless obstacles, Sadat will somehow pull off a settlement." Having gambled that he will fail, the anti-Sadat Arabs have not yet decided what they will do if, by chance, he should succeed.

Shiloh: An Obstacle to Peace



Israeli soldiers standing guard at new West Bank settlement of Shiloh

According to the *Book of Joshua*, the Lord was pleased when the Israelites assembled at Shiloh, 25 miles north of Jerusalem in the brown-green Samarian hills, to erect a tabernacle in his honor. Today, eight devout Orthodox Jewish families, huddled in mobile homes near the archaeological ruins of biblical Shiloh (pronounced *Sheloh*), are certain the Lord is pleased that his people have re-established a settlement on the site. Almost no one else is. Shiloh is the newest of four illegal settlements in the West Bank created and populated by *Gush Emunim* (Group of the Faithful), a nationalistic religious group that believes in the God-given right of Israelis to inhabit ancient Judea and Samaria. Washington, most Arabs and even many Israelis regard the settlements—and the Begin government's refusal to uproot them—as a major obstacle to peace. Even the Israeli soldiers guarding the 60 men, women and small children of Shiloh from hostile Arabs oppose the settlement.

Arabs from the nearby town of Turmus 'Aiya are understandably furious. When the settlers arrived a month ago, they blocked the road with stones. Israeli troops forced them to remove the roadblocks, but the anger remains. Arab children shake their fists at cars heading toward the settlement, as TIME's Robert Slater discovered during a visit to Shiloh last week. The settlers have no telephones and must use one in an Arab cafe a mile away, when they do, they go armed.

The Israeli government's attitude toward the settlement is ambiguous. Ignoring the undeniable fact that homesteaders are living at the site, the government insists that the pioneer families are only an "archaeological delegation." Begin has refused to authorize any settlement at Shiloh, but at the same time the families there have been encouraged to believe that if they survive and prosper on their own, they may eventually win Jerusalem's approval. The government's neither-nor position has sparked bitter debates within Begin's Likud coalition between antisettlement pragmatists and nationalistic conservatives who support the community and who even attended Shiloh's dedication ceremonies.

More and more Israelis are beginning to fear that these unauthorized but tacitly tolerated settlements may damage peace talks. Warned the left-wing daily *HaMishmar* last week: "If the government does not find a way to stop 'new facts' from being created while the difficult and complicated negotiations are actually in progress, it will not only lose American support but find itself in a confrontation with Washington." Even *Gush Emunim* is finding it harder to get commitments from Jews willing to live in these isolated, primitive communities. The group can easily turn out 10,000 people for demonstrations in support of settlements in the occupied areas. But finding 30 to 50 families who will form a nucleus for a new Shiloh is another matter.

Settlers at government-backed communities in the Sinai, like Yamit, are a mixed lot: many recent immigrants to Israel, some religious, some not. Pioneers living at Shiloh are more mystical and more determined. Says Abraham Strauss, a 20-year-old yeshiva student: "God gave us this land, not Menachem Begin or anyone else. And no one, including Begin, can take this gift away from us."

World

SABOTAGE

Strange Fruits

A stab at the Jaffa orange

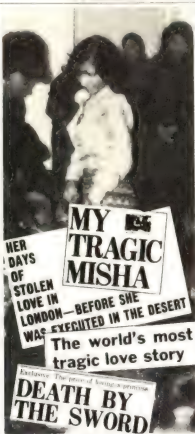
Dinner was finished. Because they had eaten so well, the four children of Mr and Mrs. Frans Bergs in the southern Dutch town of Maastricht were granted a favorite treat for dessert: big, golden Jaffa oranges from Israel. Unexpectedly, the children complained about the taste. "When we took a closer look," Mrs. Bergs said later, "we discovered small, silver-colored globules inside." The children were rushed to a hospital to have their stomachs pumped; police summoned to investigate erroneously assumed that Mr. Bergs had tried to poison his family. But Dutch health officials began a nationwide search, and by week's end they had discovered 25 oranges from Israel that had been injected with mercury. More sabotaged Israeli oranges were found in nine West German towns.

The pea-sized pellets were not soluble mercury, which can severely damage the kidneys if ingested, but the metallic mercury of the kind used in thermometers—potentially dangerous to very young children but not to adults. Nonetheless, the tampered oranges were a shock to Europe, especially after it became known that they were fruits of political terrorism. In a letter to the West German government, an extremist group calling itself the Arab Revolutionary Army-Palestine Command claimed it had doctored the fruit to disrupt Israel's economy.

At least temporarily, it may have done so. In West Germany, which annually imports 140 million tons of citrus products from Israel, sales were halted while the fruit was checked out. In The Netherlands, supermarket managers put their Jaffa oranges in cold storage until the poisoning scare blew over.

For Israel, the rash of ruined oranges constituted both a new kind of Palestinian attack and a potential economic disaster. The \$172 million annual orange export trade is one of the country's major sources of foreign exchange. Israeli growers insist that the injecting took place at shipping centers in Europe and not at the groves themselves; their hypothesis sounded more and more reasonable as first Spanish and then Moroccan oranges, which move through the same European distribution system, displayed the same mercury traces. The *Jerusalem Post* sarcastically attacked the Palestinians: "They now send their freedom fighters to stab—if not with the sword at least with the syringe—the harmless Jaffa orange."

Leaders of the Palestine Liberation Organization were embarrassed by what appeared to be a propaganda boomerang against them. They disavowed the Arab Revolutionary Army and denied that Palestinians had had anything to do with the fruits of terrorism. ■



Princess Misha and British press headlines

SAUDI ARABIA

Tragic Princess

Love, death and Fleet Street

It was a story worthy of the thousand and one Arabian nights, and the British press played it with grisly gusto. ROYAL FAMILY KILL: PRINCESS WHO ELOPED was the headline in the *Observer*, which spurred competing papers into ferreting out the lurid details. According to first reports, the tragic story involved a Saudi Arabian princess called Misha who married a commoner, thereby incurring the wrath of her princely grandfather; she was shot and her husband beheaded. Leading the Fleet Street pack was the *Daily Express*, which published some blurry pictures that purported to show the beheading of Misha's lover, taken by a British tourist with an Instamatic concealed in a pack of cigarettes.

"The shame of Araby," protested *Express* Columnist Jean Rook. "At a stroke which sliced off a man's head in a howling market place the Arabs have put themselves back a thousand and one years in the eyes of the startled, revolted world." Later, the *Express* located a German-born woman in London who had been a governess to the Saudi royal family. The

newspaper ran her narrative under the rubric "the real story by the woman who knew the secrets in the heart of the tragic princess."

As the stories continued, the British Foreign Office issued a statement saying, "We share the regret already widely expressed that such a tragedy should have occurred." This in turn outraged the Saudi Arabian government, which launched a formal protest. British Foreign Secretary David Owen apologized to the Saudi royal family for the Foreign Office statement. That caused Labor M.P. Martin Flannery to introduce a motion in the House of Commons damning Owen's apology as "groveling, humiliating and shameful." The *Daily Mail* accused Owen of trucking to Saudi oil interests. "So down on your knees, Dr. Owen, before they cut off supplies."

Offering the world a rare glimpse into the mores of the oil-rich desert kingdom, the Saudis confirmed that the executions had taken place, apparently last July. In their protest to the Foreign Office, the Saudis insisted the pair had not been married at all. Indeed, they stressed that marriage of a member of the royal family to a commoner is no crime in Saudi Arabia. The princess and her lover had not been executed after a "sentence by an Islamic court for adultery—and for an adulterous act the law is death." According to the Saudi protest the British press stories had "distorted reality and constituted an abuse of the intentions of Islamic law which is based on divine justice and the equality of all people."

Last week some additional facts came to light. The princess in question was Mashall bint Abdul Aziz, 23, whose arranged marriage had gone sour. She had fallen in love with Mueish al Sha'er, the nephew of the Saudi Ambassador to Lebanon. Ali al Sha'er. When their perilous affair was threatened with exposure, they obtained forged passports and attempted to flee the country by air. The princess disguised herself as a man, but was apprehended with her lover when security police at Jeddah airport glimpsed a suspiciously full-busted silhouette under the would-be traveler's traditional flowing thobe.

Under Saudi religious law, adulterers are punished by being stoned to death in public. According to some reports, however, Princess Mashall's sentence was "commuted" to shooting, perhaps because she was the granddaughter of Prince Mohammed, King Khalid's eldest brother (a notoriously ill-tempered man whose nickname is Abu Sharein, Father of the Double Evil). Although the princess's fate received the full Fleet Street treatment, other similar incidents in Saudi Arabia have passed virtually unnoticed. Last year, for example, another princely brother of King Khalid reportedly drowned one of his daughters in a swimming pool when he learned that she had been to bed with a man before her marriage. ■

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People



Kennan on the move to the presidency of Holyoke



Segovia celebrates a golden anniversary with his "sweetheart" guitar

When **Mary Lyon** founded her school for girls in 1837, she avoided the word college because the "benevolent gentlemen" whose support she needed might not approve. Mount Holyoke "seminary" eventually did become a college, and several gentlemen became its president. Now, after 41 years, Holyoke is again to be headed by a woman: **Elizabeth Kennan**, 39, an associate professor of history and director of medieval and Byzantine studies at Catholic University in Washington, D.C. A Holyoke alumna, Kennan believes that only

in women's colleges can women develop the strength to deal with the "crosscutting responsibilities of family life." As a wife and mother, Kennan knows first hand about those responsibilities. She also finds time to ride her two horses, one of which is named **Bishop**. "If I want to get away," she says, "I can just say I'm out with the bishop."

Why is **Vida** blue? The Oakland Athletics star pitcher had hoped to leave his losing team (last year's record: 63-98) and

join the talent-heavy Cincinnati Reds. But Baseball Commissioner **Bowie Kuhn**, who nixed the plans of Oakland A's Owner **Charley Finley** to sell **Blue** to the Yankees for \$1.5 million in 1976, once again ruled no. Kuhn has set an informal ceiling on player sales—\$400,000—and Finley this time was asking \$1.75 million for **Blue**.

guitarist played before a sell-out audience of 3,200 at San Francisco's Masonic Auditorium. "This guitar refuses to stay in tune," he complained, and later he apologized: "Tonight my guitar was not my sweetheart. It was my enemy." Segovia, 84, lives in Madrid where he is working on his four-volume autobiography.



Out in left field with Bowie Kuhn, Blue stays with the Oakland A's



Free to speak at last, South African Journalist Woods gets a Nieman

Besides, declared Kuhn, "conduct which unreasonably saps the game of competitive balance surely is not in the best interests of baseball." The prickly Finley vowed to pursue the matter—in court.

It was the 50th anniversary of a high note. **Andrés Segovia's** first U.S. tour, and, as part of the celebration, the classical

which he likes to think of as four movements of a sonata.

Once he barreled across the scrimmage line, all 6 ft. 8 in., 285 lbs. of him, as the crowd chanted: "Kill, Bubba, kill!" But **Charles Aaron** ("Bubba") **Smith**, the former defensive left end for the Baltimore Colts, collided with an aluminum yard marker in 1972, suf-



Awaiting the verdict, Smith recalls the past



After ten years in the doghouse, Kitt returns to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue

ferred a severe knee injury, and was later forced to give up the game. Now, in an unprecedented legal case, Smith, 32, is asking \$1.5 million from the N.F.L. in a negligence suit. He claims that officials failed to remove the marker in time when the action flowed toward the sidelines. To help his case, Smith brought in Sportscaster **Howard Cosell**, who told a Tampa, Fla., courtroom that after his accident Smith was "a shell of a player." It was all too much for the jury, which couldn't come to a decision. The judge declared a mistrial.

■ He forded a crocodile-infested river to escape from South Africa because he had been banned from writing or speaking freely. Now Journalist **Donald Woods** is making up for lost time. On a visit to the U.S., Woods, 44, gave a speech before the United Nations Security Council stressing the use of "moral force" to end apartheid. He also testified before a House subcommittee and met with Secretary of State **Cyrus Vance**. Beginning next July, Woods will write and give speeches as a Nieman fellow, one of a dozen or so journalists chosen to study at Harvard University. Says **James C. Thomson Jr.**, curator of the Nieman Foundation: "He wants to spread the word against apartheid far and wide."



Gunning up for his new career, Merrill Connolly turns novelist

Back at the ranch. Big **John Connolly's** younger brother and former campaign manager is sitting pretty. After landing two movie roles, including a bit part in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, the cattleman has turned novelist. The hero is a retired Texas politician summoned to Washington to cope with an Arab oil embargo in the year 1980. Who could it be? Well, draws **Merrill**, 57, "you

might say the character is a lot like someone I've known all my life."

■ **Lady Bird Johnson** was close to tears, said bystanders, the day **Eartha Kitt** spoke out emotionally at a White House luncheon. American boys, she protested, were being "snatched off to be shot in Viet Nam." For a decade the

entertainer was unofficially banned from 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. But last week she was back, along with several hundred other guests, including her daughter, **Kitt McDonald**, 16. The occasion: a reception in honor of the tenth anniversary of the restoration of Ford's Theater. "First I thought I shouldn't go," said Kitt, 50, who attended between performances in the musical *Timbuktu!* at Washington's Kennedy Center. "Now I'm very glad I went. Mr. Carter looked at me and he smiled as though he understood."

On the Record

John Ryman, British Labor M.P., explaining his plans to pass up a debate in the Parliament and watch a football game: "Football is more important than politics, and footballers are more amusing than politicians."

Jorge Luis Borges, Argentine author: "There's something infamous about the tango. How can I put it? Something brutal and at the same time sentimental. Like Wagner."

Benjamin Mays, president emeritus of Morehouse College, on the U.S. today: "If this is a melting pot, I don't want the Negro to melt away."



A mid-19th century New York weather vane



John Rasmussen painted this Pennsylvania scene in 1880

Living

A Great American Treasure Hunt

Questing to obtain a piece of the past

Not everyone will be so lucky as the Massachusetts schoolteacher who picked up a primitive watercolor for 35¢ at a church auction and sold it 35 years later for \$22,000. Or the Philadelphia couple who 30 years ago bought a Ming vase for \$400 and sold it for \$260,000. But an increasing number of people are finding that collecting antiques (art, furniture and objects at least 100 years old) can be enormously rewarding, both aesthetically and financially.

As a result, the antiques market is at

present enjoying an unprecedented boom. The demand for a piece of the past was such that the auction houses hammered down one record after another in 1977: rare books (\$360,000 for John James Audubon's *Birds of America*), Sèvres porcelain (\$102,600 for Marie Antoinette's delicately painted milk pail), American furniture (\$135,000 for a Boston-made mahogany bombe chest, circa 1780), even tin toys (\$3,105 for a Mickey Mouse organ grinder).

For sheer, colossal variety, London remains the world's greatest art and antiques bazaar, where everything from Rembrandts to 1950s Dior dresses can be had for a price. But New York is coming on fast. When the 24th Annual Winter Antiques Show opened at Manhattan's



Gilbert Stuart's 1810 portraits of Mr. and Mrs. George Alexander Otis of Boston flank a rare Chippendale secretary (c. 1801)

A new generation of collectors who are young, well educated, discriminating—and buying on the installment plan.

Seventh Regiment Armory, crowds bundled against the winter chill lined up to see the dazzling array of wares laid out by 67 American dealers. Among the treasures were English Chippendale chairs, Queen Anne silver, Shaker cabinets and a handsome pair of Gilbert Stuart portraits. A few blocks away an enthusiastic crowd milled through the showrooms of Sotheby Parke Bernet to preview a 1,400-lot collection of Americana that went on the block last week.

To cash in on the action, the London auction firms of Christie's and Phillips, along with French Dealer Didier Aaron, opened branches in Manhattan last year. Since opening in May, Christie's reaped sales of \$20 million—50% over original projections. Sotheby Parke Bernet reports that sales for the past four months were \$43.7 million, up 53% over last year.

Although princely pieces still command princely sums, the days when royal emissaries vied for a queen's collection of Leonardos in hushed auction rooms are gone. Today's collectors are apt to be middle-class—and many buy on the installment plan. Few of them can afford to furnish a room completely in one period, so they buy an Amish quilt or a mellowed English highboy to soften the lines of their contemporary apartments.

The new collectors tend to be young, well educated, discriminating, and they know what they want. Many of them want Americana, probably the fastest growing segment of the New York antiques market. Prices have skyrocketed. Twelve years ago, a pair of paintings by Ammi Phillips, a 19th century naive artist, sold for \$10,000. Last April a pair of Phillips paintings went for \$44,000 at auction—and were reportedly resold within a month for twice that amount.

"Americans have become more aware of the significance of their cultural heritage," observes Robert Bishop, director of the Museum of American Folk Art in Manhattan. "Americana is now seen not only as works of art but as cultural icons." Says John Gordon, a New York dealer in American folk art and furniture: "One reason for the popularity of Americana is its simplicity, directness, warmth, richness." Moreover, he adds, "you can buy a very good piece of Americana for a few thousand dollars. What can you get in the marketplace for the same amount, even in contemporary art?"

To keep up with the demand, dealers scour small-town auctions, and Sotheby Parke Bernet has sponsored more than 50 "Heirloom Discovery" days across the country. So far, 150,000 people have taken advantage of the experts' appraisals for a token fee. The treasure hunt has paid off: some \$30 million worth of art and antiques has been brought in.

"I don't know anyone who collects simply for money," says Bishop. "They collect for love. They like to wake up in the morning and see something that thrills them. Once you're bitten, it's all over."

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Energy

Setback in the Offshore Search

Environmentalists are laughing all the way to Georges Bank



Test drilling off Cape Cod last year before the rig moved on to another exploratory mission

Stymied for nearly two years in their attempts to prospect for the huge quantities of oil and gas believed to lie under the Atlantic, U.S. oil companies suffered yet another setback last week. A federal court in Boston stopped the sale of oil leases on Georges Bank, a rich fishing ground 100 miles southeast of Nantucket. It thus put off for months, and possibly years, the day when drilling could begin.

D-day was delayed by environmental worries. Fishermen have long sought assurances that the bank, vital to Massachusetts' \$500 million-a-year catch, would be protected from even the slightest risks of pollution. Oilmen, who estimate that there may be 180 million to 650 million bbl of oil and from 1.2 trillion to 4.2 trillion cu. ft. of natural gas in the region, sought to calm the fishermen's fears by promising to take proper precautions against leaks and spills. The Interior Department tried to counter objections by reducing the size of the proposed sale from 155 tracts to 128 covering 700,000 acres.

Environmentalists and the fish-

ermen were not satisfied. On behalf of the state's 30,000 commercial fishermen and several environmental groups, both the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the broadly based Conservation Law Foundation of New England charged Interior Secretary Cecil Andrus with failing to protect the fisheries and sought to stop the sale. Federal District Judge W. Arthur Garrity Jr. issued a preliminary injunction barring the sale; after an eleventh-hour appeal, Judge Levin H. Campbell upheld it. Said the soft-spoken Campbell: "There may be issues more serious than one involving the future of the oceans of our planet and the life

within them, but surely they are few."

The delay was unexpected. Counting on a last-minute reprieve, representatives of 54 U.S. oil companies gathered at the New York Hilton, envelopes containing their bids tucked in locked briefcases. A moment before the bidding was to begin, Frank Basile, manager of the Bureau of Land Management's Outer Continental Shelf Office, told the oilmen that Interior would not appeal and the sale was off.

Last week's cancellation was merely the latest obstacle to offshore oil exploration. In a sale held 18 months ago, 39 oil companies paid \$1.13 billion to lease drilling tracts in the Baltimore Canyon, an area east of Atlantic City, N.J., that may contain up to 1.4 billion bbl of oil and 9.4 trillion cu. ft. of natural gas. But a suit by New York's Suffolk County, which is worried about the impact of oilfield accidents on its \$1 billion-a-year fishing and recreation businesses, has kept the oilmen ashore. "It's not fair," laments an oil company executive. "The Government is holding a billion dollars of our money, and we've lost a year and a half of the five years the leases give us to begin production."

The U.S. Supreme Court will not decide before late this month whether it will even hear an appeal of the federal court ruling banning Baltimore Canyon drilling. Resolution of the Georges Bank dispute will take longer. Environmentalists and public officials in Massachusetts and on Long Island insist that they are not trying to prevent offshore oil production permanently. But they make it clear that they intend to delay drilling until they are satisfied their coastlines and fisheries are being properly protected.

The Senate has already passed an offshore-oil bill that Suffolk County Executive John V.N. Klein feels is "about as good as we can get legislatively." The bill places strict limits on the amounts of oil drillers could leak into the ocean during routine operations and provides compensation for fishermen whose nets and equipment are damaged. The House last week adopted an amended and, according to environmentalists, weakened version of the same measure. A compromise could get the legislation to President Carter's desk by April or May. Even after that it would still take the Interior Department months to set up a new Georges Bank lease sale. Meanwhile, sales scheduled for lat-



er this year of leases off the Georgia coast and in the Gulf of Mexico may also be delayed.

There is no reason why oilfields and fisheries cannot coexist. Long and extensive oil production in the Gulf of Mexico has not harmed fishing; indeed, oil workers there often catch sizable fish from the drilling platforms. Nor have oil spills at sea hurt fishing. The fishing recovered quickly from the 1967 Torrey Canyon spill off the coast of England; studies by marine biologists reveal that last year's mas-

sive Argo Merchant oil spill, which occurred in midwinter when high winds were able to disperse the oil, caused little damage to Georges Bank.

Indisputably, the delays in offshore oil exploration damage U.S. efforts to end dependence on unreliable foreign sources of oil. But the delays will continue. Even if the Supreme Court gives a go ahead and the companies find oil in the Baltimore Canyon this spring, it would still take them up to five years to get wells into production.



American Motors Corp. shows off an experimental model of an electric Pacer

Battery Buggies Are Back

The public's new chance to give them a try

During the early days of automation, battery-powered cars were the rage. In 1900, fully a third of the autos in New York City, Boston and Chicago ran on electricity. Now, in the era of the oil crisis, the electric auto has started to return, on drawing boards and occasionally on the road, moving slowly but polluting not at all. The Postal Service operates 380 electric Jeeps, and at least ten U.S. firms produce electrics for adventuresome customers. But electric cars are a long way from mass production. Who wants a car that cannot go far?

Plenty of Americans might, figures the Department of Energy. This week Secretary James Schlesinger plans to start a program designed to move some electric cars out into the marketplace.

The department will select ten to 15 firms, probably auto-repair services, and subsidize their purchase of electric cars. Over the next three years, these companies will buy 2,500 electrics and possibly some hybrids (which switch over to gasoline engines for high-speed, long-distance driving). The cars should cost from \$3,000 to \$7,000, of which the Government will pay perhaps \$1,000. The selected firms—there are already 49 applicants—will sell or lease the cars to the public at discount prices. Drivers will register their impressions with the dealers, who will service the cars and report to DOE.

The cars will have to meet several specifications: 1) a maximum speed of 55 m.p.h.; 2) acceleration to 31 m.p.h. within twelve seconds; 3) a 31-mile range (125 miles for hybrids) on a single battery charge; 4) compliance with all federal safety standards for cars.

Beyond that, the Government has stepped up its annual research budget for electrics from \$200,000 in the early 1970s to \$35 million proposed for fiscal 1979, mostly to search for low-cost, lightweight, long-range batteries. All DOE will predict is that "there will be a significant number" of electrics around by the year 2000. Fill 'er up, sir? Naw, plug it again, Sam.

Electricity from The Wind

A blow for turbine power, with more projects to come

All over the American West, billboards and petrified armadillos lure travelers from the interstates to the tourist emporiums of dusty towns. Lacking any such magnet, Clayton, N. Mex. (pop. 3,000), a farming and ranching center nine miles from the Texas border, was long, in the words of Local Merchant Leon ("Buster") Zineck, "a forgotten city—even in Albuquerque." But no more. Now Clayton's Union County Fairgrounds boast a unique attraction: a 100-ft.-tall windmill, the first in the land to be built by the Government to supply electricity.

A joint project of the Department of Energy and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the windmill—more correctly, wind turbine—has a body by Westinghouse and blades by Lockheed, and cost \$1.25 million. Parked by its side is a van full of monitoring equipment and computers that start the rotor turning when the wind hits 12 m.p.h. and shut it off, to prevent it from wearing out, at 40 m.p.h. Since winds averaging nearly 15 m.p.h. blow through Clayton almost every day, the turbine more often than not will be generating 200 kw of electricity—enough to power 60 homes—or some 15% of the town's needs.

"We're not trying to replace everything in the world," says George Tennyson, speaking for DOE. "We just want to be a part of the stable of available power." To that end, the agency will soon build similar pilot projects on Culebra Island, Puerto Rico, and Block Island, R.I., and plans a 2,000-kw. model for Boone, N.C. The Federal Government wind-energy budget has ballooned to \$38 million (a few privately owned turbines already serve remote mountain and island locations). Government experts estimate optimistically that wind power will furnish at least 3% of the nation's electricity by the year 2000.

Citizens of Clayton are proud. "They feel as though they are contributing something to the nation," says Clyde Sowers, editor and publisher of the Union County *Leader*. The *Leader*, in fact, broke new ground in anthropomorphic journalism by featuring the windmill in a regular column titled "Know Your Neighbor."



Dedicating the big mill in Clayton, N. Mex. The Government budget is ballooning

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In *The Cooking of China* you'll get that proper guidance. This volume from the best-selling *FOODS OF THE WORLD* series helps take the confusion out of Chinese dishes such as deep-fried shrimp toast, sour-and-hot soup, smoked chicken. It's brimful with easy-to-follow recipes, tested and retested in our *FOODS OF THE WORLD* kitchen. How-to-do-it illustrations show you how to master the basic cooking techniques. Step-by-step instructions make the most exotic dish a pleasure to prepare. Examine *The Cooking of China* and its companion Recipe Booklet free for 10 days. Read them. Work with them. Here are some of the fascinating things you'll discover:

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The Chinese make preparation and cooking two separate procedures. Most preparation requires chopping and should be done in advance. Many Chinese dishes are stir-fried and timing and total concentration are important. Experimentation is a time-honored Chinese tradition. Though most Chinese ingredients now are readily available in food stores, you can substitute spinach for cabbage, broccoli for bean sprouts. Chinese cooking is done with a few key utensils. But you can improvise with items from your own kitchen. You'll find out exactly how to do it in *The Cooking of China*.

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Eating with Chopsticks. Illustrated above is the basic technique for using chopsticks. However, there's no one-and-only way to use chopsticks. Simply adjust this basic grip to one that is easy and comfortable for you.



Sculpted Vegetables. Chinese ingredients should please the eye and the palate. The illustrations above demonstrate how to make seal-lan brushes, tomato roses, carrot flowers, icicle-radish flowers. They are served both as a food and a garnish.

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Deep-Frying. The Chinese deep-fry everything from shrimp toast and wontons to beef and chicken. Deep-frying is done in several stages. Shown above is the step-by-step preparation of deep-fried shrimp balls.



Two Simple Wrappers. Wontons and egg-rolls are easy to prepare. They are filled, shaped and cooked in a variety of ways. Shown above are basic techniques for folding and filling egg-rolls and several kinds of wontons.



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*Survey conducted among owners of new cars bought in May, 1977.



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Press

Capital Buy

Time Inc. acquires the Star

When Joe L. Allbritton purchased the long-suffering Washington (D.C.) *Star* in 1974 from the families that had owned the afternoon paper for most of its 125 years, he had no illusions about what lay ahead. "Financially, the *Star* was on the ropes, and its morale was low," the Texas banker recalls. "Readers and businessmen viewed the *Star* with the sad concern one feels for a dying friend."

Though he had no experience in publishing, Allbritton set energetically to work on the resuscitation of the pa-

adding his conviction that over time the *Star* would become "a highly successful paper."

Though the *Star's* market is heavily populated by job-secure Government workers and blessed with one of the nation's highest per-household incomes (\$28,611 a year), the capital had for a time been in danger of becoming a one-newspaper town. Long Washington's leading daily, the afternoon *Star* two decades ago began slipping behind the aggressive morning *Post* in both circulation and advertising revenues. When sold to Allbritton in 1974, the *Star's* losses were close to \$8 million. Allbritton installed tighter financial controls, trimmed the staff by about a third, persuaded the

paper's unions to accept a reduced work week and a pay freeze, and

hired Jim Bellows away from the Los Angeles *Times* to be the *Star's* editor. Bellows rallied his demoralized troops and thoroughly redesigned the paper, adding such successful features as a front-page Q-and-A column and "The Ear," a raucy and much-copied gossip column.

Those innovations, together with a long and bitter *Post* strike in 1976, enabled Allbritton eventually to cut the rate of reader losses.

though the present circulation of 350,000 is far below the *Post's* 540,000. Allbritton expects the paper to show an operating profit for fiscal 1978, v. last year's \$1.3 million loss.

In Washington, where the *Star's* possible sale has long been a leading cocktail-circuit topic, last week's announcement was welcomed. Said NBC Anchorman David Brinkley: "It means the *Star* will survive, so I'm very pleased." The chief Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Post Dispatch*, Richard Dugman, observed: "The new ownership means Washington will know it's got a second paper." According to Ben Bradlee, executive editor of the Washington *Post* (whose parent company also publishes *Newsweek*): "It's good news for the city, good news for the *Star*, good news for the newspaper business." It was also very well-kept news, particularly in view of the capital's penchant for gossip. Said Los Angeles *Times* Washington Bureau Chief Jack Nelson: "We didn't even read about it in 'Ear.'"

The Washington Star



Publisher Joe L. Allbritton

Keeping Washington a two-paper town

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, MONEY and FORTUNE magazines. The company, which also has extensive book, cable television and forest-products operations, last year had profits of about \$90 million on revenues of \$1.25 billion.

The sale, effective Feb. 19 and subject to approval by directors of both companies, was first proposed a year ago by Allbritton to Time Inc. President James R. Shepley. Under the agreement reached last week, Allbritton will stay on as publisher. Time Inc. will be represented on the *Star's* board and will assume \$8 million in *Star* debts. Allbritton will continue to run the paper and set its editorial policy with, he said, the help of Time Inc.'s "publishing, promotional, advertising and editorial strength." He added: "If my resources made it possible for the *Star* to survive, Time's would assure that it truly prospered, that it fully served the people of Washington." Said Shepley: "It is vitally important that the Greater Washington area be served by two strong, competitive newspapers."

Death Notice

No News past March 4?

"Unless the unexpected happens, this will be our last week," said Chicago *Daily News* Editor Melville Stone to his composing room foreman. That was in 1876, six months after Stone launched what turned into a remarkable paper. Since then, the *News* has won 15 Pulitzer prizes, printed some of the finest writing ever forgotten tomorrow and sheltered such talents as Carl Sandburg, Finley Peter Dunne and Ben Hecht—who, it is said, wrote *The Front Page* out of the clips.

A century later, Editor Stone's anxieties became fact. Last week Marshall Field V, whose Field Enterprises owns the afternoon *News*, Chicago's morning *Sun-Times*, *World Book Encyclopedia* and other businesses, announced that the *News* would fold March 4 "if we cannot solve our financial problems." He added, "I wouldn't get huge hopes for that."

Field's father, Marshall IV, had bought the paper from the Knight chain in 1959, just as circulation began a slide from 614,000 in 1957 to last fall's 329,000. Like some other P.M.s, the *News* was losing readers to the suburbs and television. After a series of unsuccessful personnel and format changes, Publisher Marshall V last year gave *Sun-Times* Editor Jim Hoge two years and a \$2 million budget increase for one last effort to save the *News*.

Hoge, 42, who was made editor in chief of both Field papers, closed the *News's* expensive foreign bureaus, weeded the Chicago staff, added gossip and entertainment coverage, and gave the paper a crisp, well-organized new design. The result was a rash of favorable reviews in the trade—and more circulation losses. Last week the competing *Tribune* (circ. 757,000) dropped one of its late-morning editions, forcing the *News* to pay the full cost of a distribution system that the two papers had shared. Marshall, 36, and his half-brother Frederick ("Teddy"), 26, who together own 90% of Field Enterprises, decided to cut the *News's* losses (\$21.7 million since 1974) and run.

The Fields' surviving *Sun-Times* is expected to absorb some *News* heavyweights, including Columnist Mike Royko, and may eventually become a "24 hour" paper like the *Tribune*, which produces free editions throughout the day. Down at Riccardo's, a local watering hole, reporters from the city's dailies last week drifted in from covering murder and municipal venality to speculate about last-minute rescues, swap news of job openings and hoist a glass to the past. "It might have been the greatest newspaper in the country," said Reporter David Jackson of the *News's* shining last year, "and still couldn't have lasted."

Religion



New bishops of breakaway church during Denver consecration service*

Episcopal Split

Denver rites make it official

Ever since the Episcopal Church's General Convention voted in favor of women priests and a modernized Prayer Book in 1976, angry U.S. traditionalists have been laying plans for a breakaway. All efforts at Episcopal peacemaking proved unavailing, and now the schism is a fact.

The break became final when four new bishops were consecrated in Denver's Augustana Lutheran Church on Jan. 28 to lead the self-styled "Anglican Church of North America." Staying in the Episcopal Church, said one of the four later, "is like giving mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to a corpse." The fiery consecration sermon by the Rev. George Rutler of Rosemont, Pa., compared the new bishops to Moses for leading their people out of the Episcopal Egypt. After a service of nearly three hours, the solemn congregation burst into applause as the resplendently robed and mitred clergymen were declared to be bishops.

But are they? Since the Council of Aries in 314, tradition has called for three existing bishops to perform new consecrations. Only two appeared in Denver: Albert A. Chambers, retired Episcopal bishop of Springfield, Ill., and Bishop Francisco J. Pagtakhan of the Philippine Independent Church, which is furious with its U.S. cousins for ordaining women priests. Without the customary three, the consecrations are under a cloud. There have been exceptions, but only in emergencies. Augustine, who became the first Archbishop of Canterbury in 597, was told by the Pope to consecrate bishops by himself because there were no others to assist him in England.

No group takes such ancient tradition more seriously than the Episcopal schismatics, and they tried desperately to enlist a third consecrator. One retired bishop agreed to participate, then backed out last year for health reasons. The schismatics were counting on Bishop Clarence Haden of Sacramento, a crusty conservative who celebrated Communion at their first national rally in St. Louis last September, but he decided to do nothing. At the St. Louis rally Charles Boynton, retired assistant bishop of New York City, privately pledged to do the honors but withdrew under doctor's orders just two weeks before the Denver ceremony.

That left Anglican Bishop Mark Pae of Taejeon, South Korea, a foe of women priests, who says that he agreed to consecrate the new bishops last November without realizing that a full-fledged schism was involved. On Jan. 16 he got an urgent telegram from F. Donald Coggan, the Archbishop of Canterbury. When he phoned Coggan, says Pae, the Archbishop "did not put any pressure on me" but "explained the gravity of the matter." The next day one of the bishops-to-be, C. Dale Doren of Pittsburgh, arrived in Taejeon and spent a fruitless week trying to get Pae to take part. "I went through a lot of agonizing soul searching, but I just could not betray my church," Pae says.

In Denver, Doren released a letter from Pae giving his "consent" to Doren's consecration and expressing his opinion that the new church should be in communion with Canterbury. But last week Pae denied writing such a document.

If the four bishops arrive uninvited when the world's Anglican bishops gather in England this July for their decennial Lambeth Conference, there may be

*From left: Peter F. Watterson of Florida; Robert S. Morse of California; James O. Mote of Colorado; C. Dale Doren of Pennsylvania.

a row. In the U.S., Bishop Chambers could face a trial by a court of Episcopal bishops for abetting the schism.

The prospects of the Anglican Church of North America are difficult to gauge. A faction in one of the new dioceses has muddled things by opposing the Denver consecration service and calling for reunion with Rome. The church has only about 100 parishes and 10,000 members, v. 2.9 million for the Episcopal Church. But the rebels predict quick growth now that bishops are in place and have set a goal of 100,000 members by midyear. Says Robert S. Morse of Oakland, Calif., one of the new bishops: "We will, in 50 years, be the only Episcopal Church in the United States."

Tidings

BIG TEN

Who are the most influential personalities in U.S. religion? The Protestant weekly *Christian Century* asked 35 experts in the religious and secular press and found the "clear winner" to be Evangelist Billy Graham. Other members of the top ten in order of votes received: Church Historian-Journalist Martin E. Marty, President Jimmy Carter, Ecumenical Rabbi Marc Tanenbaum, Notre Dame's President Theodore Hesburgh, Oral Roberts, Campus Crusade's Bill Bright, Jesse Jackson, Anita Bryant and William P. Thompson, the chief executive of the United Presbyterian Church. Last the survey be taken too seriously, George Burns, star of *Oh, God!*, got two votes.

GROWTH ARRESTED

Next to their end-of-the-world expectations and their refusal to accept blood transfusions, the Jehovah's Witnesses are most noted for their dogged door-to-door evangelism. For more than three decades, that has paid off with one of the steadiest records of growth in Western religion. Yet according to the Witnesses' new *Yearbook*, the number of active members in the U.S. dropped by 2.6% (to 530,374) for 1977, the first decrease since World War II. Worldwide, the Witnesses, who often suffer persecution overseas, declined by 1%. Besides that, the number of baptisms of new U.S. converts has dropped 65% over two years.

At their Brooklyn headquarters, the Witnesses suggest that the decrease in active members may stem from "a problem in receiving accurate reports" because of a new rotation system for officers of local congregations. Outsiders speculate that the Witnesses might be in trouble because of disappointment that the world did not end in 1975, as the faith's leaders had predicted. Reviewing the new figures, the official *Watchtower* newspaper comments: "As we approach the end, times get harder."

FOX

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Education

The Three Rs in 70 Tongues

Debating the uses of bilingual instruction

Imagine a school with 2,617 students culled from 57 different countries and cultures. In one classroom, the teacher copies the word *farming* on a blackboard—first in English, from left to right, and then in Assyrian, from right to left. A sussur of Chinese rises from a history class. Soft Spanish vowels punctuate a science lesson. A model international academy? Hardly. It is Chicago's Nicholas Senn High School on the city's ethnically mixed North Side, where foreign-born students enroll in special bilingual programs that allow them to study a regular curriculum in their native languages as well as in English.

Scarcely a decade ago, such a welter of tongues would have been unspeakable in an American public school. For more than a century, the great melting-pot theory decreed that foreign-speaking children be taught solely in English to speed their assimilation into the mainstream. The children of 50 million immigrants were forced to master English that way. Some 22 states even outlawed teaching in foreign languages.

But in the 1960s a spectacular popularization of ethnic pride took place, and cultural heterogeneity emerged as the new ideal. Bilingual-education legislation, passed by Congress in 1974, declared that non-English-speaking children should be given the chance to study in their own language in order to smooth the transition into U.S. life. Going a step further, the act also set up a number of bicultural programs, so that children could reinforce, rather than shed, their primary cultural heritage. Going even further than that, neighboring Canada has been officially bilingual since 1969—although the separatist provincial government in Quebec has decreed French as the province's only official language and restricted the use of English in its schools.

Now 287,000 foreign-born students in America—76% of them Hispanic—are taught at least some of their schoolwork in 70 dialects and languages. The federal Office of Bilingual Education alone sponsors 700 programs in 41 states and five territories, at a cost of \$135 million; the spectrum of languages sweeps from Aleut in Alaska to Yiddish in New York. Meanwhile, at least ten states have passed legislation mandating bilingual instruction in those school districts with a minimum number of children—usually ten to 20—who

speak a foreign language and are seriously deficient in English.

The official purpose of the federal bilingual programs is to help foreign-speaking children use their native tongue to learn English rapidly, then switch to a regular school program. Yet the degree of emphasis on English differs markedly from program to program.

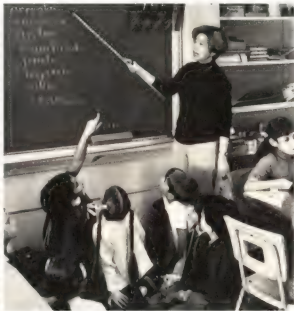
So-called transitional programs shoot their students into regular English-speaking classrooms as quickly as possible. Under a second technique, called the maintenance method, rapid mastery of

classes long after they can handle lessons conducted in English. "We fully recognize the benefits of cultural pluralism," says James Ward of the American Federation of Teachers. "But we must be sure that the central effort is to bring students into the mainstream of American life." Some foreign-born parents share his concern. Manuel Llera, principal of a junior high school in California's Sweetwater Union school district, near the Mexican border, has been forced by parental pressure to remove some Chicano children from the bilingual program. Parents, he says, "are afraid that their kids are going to get a second-class education and that they won't learn English."

Advocates of bilingualism contend that the programs make foreign-born students feel welcome in American society and decrease staggering dropout rates. (For Puerto Rican students in Chicago, the dropout rate runs about 70% a year, compared with 35% overall.) Moreover, they argue, students learn better through a gradual transition into English. That argument, however, has not been proved. A 1977 nationwide study of 150 schools and 11,500 students, conducted by the American Institute for Research in Palo Alto, Calif., found that bilingual programs helped children learn such subjects as math. But Spanish-speaking children in bilingual programs generally did not improve in English any faster than did foreign speakers in monolingual classrooms.

Bilingual programs, still experimental, are plagued by problems. There is an acute shortage of qualified teachers. Textbooks are scarce. One Arabic teacher in Chicago finally telephoned Jordan's King Hussein personally for help. Hussein donated a plane load of textbooks. In an age of tight school budgets, bilingual programs tend to cost about twice as much as regular classes because of special teachers and materials.

Meanwhile, in Miami, Spanish is threatening to swamp English completely. Bilingual educators warn that if English-speaking high school graduates want jobs in the area, they will need Spanish as much as immigrants from Cuba will need English. Native-born Americans, reacting against the Spanish tide, are abandoning Dade County. That has led even advocates of bilingual teaching to wonder if old-fashioned assimilation was not a better policy after all. "Does bilingualism lead to separatism?" muses Von Nieda Beebe, a bilingual specialist in Miami. "Is Dade County going to secede from the U.S. when all the English have moved out?"



Spanish class for third graders at Miami's Coral Way school

After the melting pot, a new ideal of ethnic pride

English is still the goal. But students continue studying their own culture and language. A third approach, being tried in areas with large Hispanic enclaves, such as New York, Florida and Southern California, is bilingual and bicultural; the programs encourage native-born Americans to achieve fluency in a foreign language even as their counterparts are learning English. In Miami's Coral Way Elementary School, which inaugurated the bicultural method to cope with the huge influx of refugees from Cuba in 1963, all students study for half a day in Spanish and for the other half in English.

Critics of the bilingual experiment contend that the movement is often more political than educational, with Spanish-surnamed children segregated in separate

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Cinema

Union Dues

BLUE COLLAR

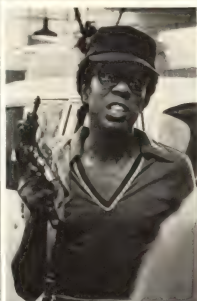
Directed by Paul Schrader
Screenplay by Paul Schrader
and Leonard Schrader

Blue Collar looks as if it might actually have been made by people who wear blue collars when they go to work, instead of turtle-necks, beads and suede jackets. That is to say, the picture is often awkward as it attempts to slice open the lives of some automobile-assembly-line workers and expose the futility of their existence. In the end, however, *Blue Collar*'s lack of slickness, the sense it frequently conveys of being an authentic cry from the heart, gives it a certain distinction.

Sociologists and their journalistic popularizers have been having at the factory hands for some time now. Everyone knows by now that they suffer intense feelings of on-the-job anomie and alienation that show themselves in absenteeism, alcoholism and other unpleasanties. We have heard that they feel simultaneously exploited (by both their employers and their unions) and ignored (by the rest of society). But such matters are not much discussed in movies. Paul Schrader, previously best known as the writer of *Taxi Driver*, which dealt with another sort of disfranchisement, deserves high marks for originality as prime mover, director and co-writer of this new project.

He seems to have trouble with comedy. Early attempts to wring bitter laughter out of assembly-line conditions and the financial woes of the three central figures (Richard Pryor, Harvey Keitel and Yaphet Kotto) do not entirely pay off. Still, these scenes help motivate the film's central incident, a robbery of their own union's safe in which the three turn up not the cash they wanted but a ledger hinting at various forms of venality and corruption. Their attempts to capitalize on the information are ambiguous; they would like to blackmail some money out of the union local, but knowing their leaders are corrupt also stirs reformist impulses in them, and it is their contrary feelings that provide the film's human interest and dramatic suspense. Finally, there is hell to pay to Kotto, playing a sometime small-time criminal, is murdered in a particularly grueling way. The union buys off Pryor with a shop steward's job. Keitel finally turns FBI stoolie. In short, their venture into crime and/or conscience, as one could predict from their earlier lives, ends with our heroes getting, as they would surely put it, screwed again. Indeed, at the film's close the two survivors have lost the one good thing in their lives—their sustaining camaraderie.

As a director, Schrader is lucky to have three strong men for his leading



Richard Pryor in *Blue Collar*

Both exploited and ignored.

roles. Kotto, in particular, gives depth and an odd, worldly-wise dignity to his role as a man who is not as smart as he thinks he is, though in some ways is much wiser than he admits even to himself. None of them, though, gets as much help from Schrader as they could use. He has trouble finding the heart of a scene, trouble keeping the overall tone and tension of his film consistent. There is a power in this story he simply does not realize. Even so, the film shows an honest impulse to open up new realms of experience to the viewer, and there is nothing patronizing, no sense of sociopsychological slumming about it. *Blue Collar* may linger in the mind when a lot of slicker, more easily assimilated movies have passed beyond recall.

—Richard Schickel

Brain Death

COMA

Directed and Written
by Michael Crichton

Just after the big autopsy scene, with that great shot of the salami-slicing machine sectioning the brain of Genevieve Bujold's best friend, who died as a result of going into a mysterious coma during a routine abortion, but just before the neat bit where Bujold gets chased through the big refrigerator where the frozen corpses hang by their heads, there is a really fantastic murder by electrocution, and they don't just dim the lights to let you know the juice is on, or anything corny. You get a head-on view of the dying guy, with some pretty good jerks and twitch-



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Cinema

es. and really weird blue sparks coming out of his eyeballs.

Well, as they say, if you like this kind of thing, this is the kind of thing you will like. Michael Crichton, who directed *Coma* and wrote the screenplay, is a doctor, and so is Robin Cook, who wrote the novel from which the film was made, so presumably the two of them are not trying to induce a nationwide spasm of hysterical loathing of the medical profession. Nevertheless, the single source of dramatic energy in this crude thriller is Crichton's exploitation of the audience's rational and irrational fear of doctors and hospitals—the always reliable "Let me out of here!" reaction as the anesthesiologist's gas mask clamps down over the face, and the familiar "Yuck" effect as the surgeon's bloody hands dip into the body cavity. This is arrogant moviemaking: its assumption is that the proles will buy their tickets and march unprotestingly through the fun house no matter how evident is the contemptuousness of the barkers.

As Cook's story has it, highly placed bad guys in "Boston Memorial Hospital" are selling human organs illegally, and they are willing to do anything to ensure a fresh supply. The flower-like Bujold, who does not look tired enough to have finished medical school, plays Dr. Susan Wheeler, a brilliant surgical resident who stumbles prettily from creepy suspicion to grisly certainty. But no one in the hospital, including the kindly chief of staff (Richard Widmark), will take her seriously. Her lover, a crass young intern (Michael Douglas) who looks as if he will make a great golfer some day, keeps saying "I know, I know" and offering her Valium. He won't take his turn at cooking dinner either. Is he one of the nasties in the glibet-peddling ring? When the villains strap Bujold to the operating table for an appendectomy she needs like a hole in the abdomen, will she survive to put makeup on her scar? Finding out the answers is like having an inoculation: you get a little sick, but after that the odds are that you will have nothing at all to do with hospitals.

—John Skow

Show-Off

THE ONE AND ONLY

Directed by Carl Reiner

Screenplay by Steve Gordon

On the football field he fakes injury, mostly to draw the sympathetic cheers of the crowd. In the school play he insists on proving that there are no small parts, only small actors, thereby disrupting the show by turning a bit role in a tragedy into a major comic turn. On a date, he insists on loudly crooning *Getting to Know You* into the ear of his companion—in a crowded, stuffy restaurant.

In short, Andy Schmidt is a show-off.



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Cinema



Winkler as *The One and Only*

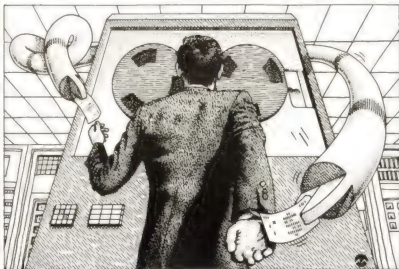
Apotheosis in a tacky milieu.

a permanent elbow in the eye of polite society. One can only be awed by the comic daring of everyone concerned with *The One and Only* for trying to make such a character appealing for the length of a movie. *The One and Only* does not quite make it, because even as portrayed by the likable Henry Winkler, Andy is finally a tiresome fellow. But the effort is a game one, and there is a certain originality about the fate that the film works out for Andy. Having failed as an actor in New York, he takes his special brand of egomania over to professional wrestling. The time is the early '50s, when the sport was a TV staple and a man with an arresting gimmick could become a star. Andy flops as a clean-cut hero and a rough-cut villain (in Nazi helmet and Hitler mustache), then finally reaches apotheosis as a Gorgeous George type—golden curls, campy cape, miming manner.

The movie is content to look back at wrestling's tacky milieu without trying to score any pretentious, socially significant points. It also leaves Andy happy with celebrity at any price, and that may be a mistake. Winkler's essential intelligence shines through anything he does, and it would not make his character's strange fate any less funny if, finally, he were permitted to discover that there was something missing from his scheme of values. Indeed, some sense of growth in Andy would give the film a little more resonance than that of a well-made sitcom. It has good gags and expert performances by Gene Saks as a dyspeptic manager and by Hervé Villechaze as a midjet wrestler who refuses to think small. They offer intimations of a picture that might have been memorable instead of merely inoffensive.

—Richard Schickel

Law



Working While on Welfare

The right hand finds out what the left hand is doing

For the past three months, computers in Washington, D.C., have been comparing a list of 1.8 million civilians on the federal payroll with another list of welfare recipients in 21 states. So far, Project Match has come up with 26,334 "hits"—names that appear on both lists.

A pilot program last summer, involving the Department of Health, Education and Welfare's 6,000 Washington employees, produced 216 raw hits. Of these, 77 were found to be totally ineligible for welfare, 39 more were receiving excessive payments, and the remaining 100 were judged fully eligible. Based on those figures, HEW expects to find in the current search 10,000 to 12,000 Government workers who are chiseling the welfare system out of from \$10 million to \$24 million annually. Chiselers face possible prosecution, having to repay illegal benefits, and loss of their jobs.

Civil libertarians, however, want to end the program. Complains John Shattuck, Washington director of the American Civil Liberties Union: "Project Match exemplifies precisely the kind of manipulation of personal data that people most fear." Adds David Linowes, chairman of the Privacy Protection Study Commission: "People shouldn't be treated as so many pieces of raw data being shunted about."

On two occasions civil libertarians have beaten down proposals for national computerized data banks (on tax and census information). Each time they successfully invoked fears of 1984-style invasion of privacy by electronic technology. "Public opinion is aroused when a central computer is proposed," says A.C.L.U. Privacy

Project Director Trudy Hayden. "But this time, they're starting small, matching two little computer lists, affecting only the poor and the weak."

HEW officials insist the program is vital to maintain public confidence in the welfare system's integrity. Promises HEW Secretary Joseph Califano: "We'll do this with delicacy and care," severely limiting access to names of individuals on welfare. HEW Deputy Inspector General Charles Ruff, a former Watergate special prosecutor, acknowledges that search of personnel files can constitute a breach of individual privacy. But, asks Ruff, "is it an unreasonable invasion of privacy?" We say that it is not. HEW plans to expand Match to include all federal employees and to help states start their own mini-Match. Under pressure from civil libertarians, Califano has shelved, at least temporarily, a plan to enlist the help of private corporations in searching out welfare recipients on their payrolls.

Having won that round, the A.C.L.U. is not pushing hard for congressional intervention. Explains an official: "It's politically unrealistic to expect to derail Project Match." Another problem is resources. Last week A.C.L.U. lawyers won another decision in the Illinois Supreme Court on behalf of American Nazi Party members who want to parade in the predominantly Jewish Chicago suburb of Skokie. The A.C.L.U.'s successful defense has contributed to a 15% decline in both its membership and donations nationwide. ■

"Michigan has already started turning over public assistance lists to the state's five major private employers, including the Big Three automakers, in its search for welfare cheats."

Put It in Writing

Love's fine, says a lawyer, but it's better with a contract

If you think the law is already too much with us, brace yourself. In a new book called *Oh Promise Me But Put It in Writing* (McGraw-Hill, \$10.50), Seattle Attorney Paul P. Ashley, 81, argues that most voluntary human relationships could benefit from written contracts—naturally drawn up by a good lawyer.

"What astute person," asks Ashley, "would consider it sensible to decide on an important business transaction while parked romantically beside a moonlit lake?" Because the answer is "practically everybody," Ashley suggests prenuptial contracts, agreements during marriage, separation treaties, post-marriage documents and agreements between roommates of every conceivable gender. A pre-marriage contract, he suggests, might cover where the couple will live, who pays for what, how many children they will have. Cohabitants especially need legal agreements, he says, because the law has been slow to assist wronged partners in unconventional families.

Should love and affection be superseded by legal formalities? Ashley argues that a sensibly written contract strengthens a relationship by forcing partners to think problems out in advance. One woman, he reports, agreed to stop smoking but became so distraught when she tried it that her fiancé broke off the engagement. In that case, Ashley concludes, the contractual promises helped terminate a shaky match. And, he notes, the written word has coercive power: "There is a tendency to live up to a written promise—or at least to make a real effort to do so—when one might shrug off an oral commitment as mere conversation, the specifics of which had long since been forgotten."

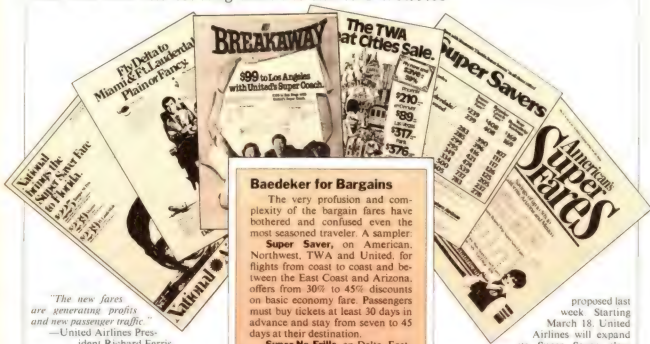
There are some unexpected pitfalls on the road to contractual bliss. For example, most states still label homosexual acts as criminal, so a contract based on a homosexual relationship might be voided by the courts. The law also prohibits agreements that "facilitate" or "encourage" divorce, and any document listing property rights that either party will get in the event of divorce may do just that. Ashley counsels "skillful legal drafting," naturally done by a good lawyer, that refers to any eventual separation as the most lossome of all possible eventualities.

A deft agreement, he concludes, may well become irrelevant: "With good luck, it may be found by grandmother in time to be read aloud at the 50th anniversary dinner." And if not, either partner, or both, can always sue. Naturally, with the help of a good lawyer. ■

Economy & Business

Airlines: All's War in Fares

But rate cuts will not long solve the carriers' troubles



"The new fares are generating profits and new passenger traffic."

—United Airlines President Richard Ferris

"These fares just generate price wars."

—Delta Air Lines Marketing Vice President Joseph Cooper

As in Rashomon, the Japanese legend made into a movie, airline executives have widely differing views about the same phenomenon: in this case the spreading cut-rate fares on U.S. and transatlantic flights. What is beyond dispute is that the often bewildering variety of bargains offered by the eleven long-haul lines is stimulating a rush to pleasure travel. That in turn is helping to give the industry a much needed lift.

After years of dismal earnings, the major carriers registered a combined record \$600 million profit last year, up from \$343 million in 1976. Profits this year are expected by several Wall Street investment analysts to rise to the \$700 million area. True, much of the recent increase has come not from flying but from plane sales, tax credits and hotel subsidiaries. Indeed, some carriers—Eastern, TWA, Northwest, Western—show declining operating profits. But the competition for passengers, especially nonbusiness travelers who make up 48% of the traffic, is certain to remain intense. So the number of low-cost fares will probably grow.

Three more bargain plans were

Baedeker for Bargains

The very profusion and complexity of the bargain fares have bothered and confused even the most seasoned traveler. A sampler:

Super Saver, on American, Northwest, TWA and United, for flights from coast to coast and between the East Coast and Arizona, offers from 30% to 45% discounts on basic economy fare. Passengers must buy tickets at least 30 days in advance and stay from seven to 45 days at their destination.

Super No-Frills, on Delta, Eastern and National between New York and Miami or Fort Lauderdale. Fares: Between \$55 and \$75, depending on the day of the week. First come, first served for 50% of each day's seats.

Super Coach, on American, Continental, Northwest, TWA and United between the midwest and the Pacific coast. Tickets are priced from \$99 to \$109 with seats limited, but no advance purchase is necessary.

Unlimited Mileage, for travel throughout Eastern Air Lines' system, which reaches from the Caribbean to Mexico and Seattle. The plan is restricted to adult couples (21 or older) at \$323 per person, or to an adult with children. Tickets must be bought two weeks before departure, and the itinerary must include three unduplicated stopovers.

Liberty, unlimited travel on Allegheny Airlines' system, which reaches from Boston to St. Louis. Fares: \$149 for seven days, \$169 for 14 days and \$189 for three weeks. Tickets must be bought a week before takeoff, and a three-day minimum stay is required.

proposed last week. Starting March 18, United Airlines will expand its Super Saver plan, which currently knocks 30% to 45% off normal economy fare on coast-to-coast flights. Discounts of 30% to 40% will be available to travelers in all 110 cities served by United for trips of more than 900 miles. American Airlines, the originator of the Super Saver fare, retaliated with an extension of the plan to all 52 U.S. cities that it serves, beginning March 23. Unlike United, American will set no distance requirement.

Meanwhile, Pan American unfurled its "Round the World in 80 Days" fare, which will be offered on a stand-by and reserved-seat basis beginning March 17. Travelers on stand-by will pay \$999 for economy class, a discount of nearly 45%, and are permitted eleven stops within 80 days anywhere in Pan American's global network. Passengers with reservations, which must be made 30 days in advance, pay \$1,199 and are allowed unlimited stopovers.

The price war on domestic routes is prompted by several factors beyond merely trying to attract new customers. A new regulatory reform bill is now before Congress and stands a good chance of being enacted. Some airline executives fear that it could permit a flock of small, new airlines to enter the market. A number of the established carriers believe that one way to counter such legislation is to prove,

by cutting prices, that they really are competing against one another.

The drive for lower fares is also being pushed by the chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board, Alfred Kahn, a former Cornell economics professor, who has long criticized the wastefulness and rigidity of regulatory agencies. Since becoming chairman last June, he has told airline chiefs that he would welcome applications for innovative fare cuts, and the CAB in effect has been pursuing a course of deregulation by approving just about any low-budget plan that it gets.

Price reductions on the transatlantic run are a response to competition from the Advance Booking Characters and, especially, Freddie Laker's Skytrain, which continues to pack them in by offering—on a first-come, first-served basis—a \$236 New York-London round trip, basic economy fare on scheduled lines is \$626. Pan American and TWA are doing well with their own low-cost fares. One is a stand-by fare of \$256, and another is a budget fare, also \$256, that requires passengers to buy tickets three weeks in advance of their flight; customers can pick the week that they want to go, but the line assigns the day.

The scramble for new business has led some carriers into trouble. For example, Delta proposed a Super No-Frills plan from New York to Miami at \$55 to \$75, but specifying that only a tightly packed, 244-seat, stretched-out DC-8 could be used. Eastern and National responded by seeking the same deal for their regular 199-seat DC-8s. Despite Delta's objections that such a lower-load plan would lose money, the CAB granted approval to Eastern and National, and Delta felt compelled to go along. Now executives at all three lines complain that, though traffic is up, profits are down on the run. Says National President Lewis B. Maytag: "The impact of the fare will be to divert passengers, who would have traveled anyway, to this potentially unprofitable \$55 fare."

On the other hand, the coast-to-coast Super Saver plan used by United, American and TWA has proved to be a profitable winner. Since April, on American alone, more than 450,000 passengers have taken advantage of the plan's discounts. Expecting even heavier traffic this summer, all three lines are remodeling the interiors of their DC-10s and L-101s to accommodate more passengers, squeezing in nine seats across instead of eight and narrowing the aisles.

Despite the increase in traffic and the brightening prospects in general, some lines still have a long way to go before they will be healthy enough to finance all the new planes they will need in the years ahead. Cautions Joseph Lorenzo, director of pricing at Continental: "Too many un-economic fares could drive some carriers out of the market, reducing competition and bringing higher prices in the long run. I've got to believe that the industry's sense of survival will prevail."

Continuing Saga of Hollywoodgate

Filmdom's newest feature is Scandals of '78

Hollywood, that chimerical land of sudden riches and happy endings, is being rocked by protests about sordid abuses in the real world. A number of stars, directors and independent producers, who had kept their mouths shut in the past for fear of jeopardizing their careers, are speaking out against the fast shuffles dealt them over the years by the studios.

The protests have been sparked by the continuing scandal involving David Begelman, 56, president of film and television operations for Columbia Pictures. Though Begelman admitted embezzling more than \$60,000 from Columbia and signing at least three checks with fake signatures, including that of Actor Cliff Robertson, he was returned practically unpunished to his \$400,000 post. His reinstatement, which was seen as a symbol of the arrogant power wielded by Hollywood's kingmakers, became too much to stomach even for many veterans of the cynical film community.

Begelman was calmly going about his business last week. Every morning he arrived at his Burbank studio by 9 to view rushes of the previous day's filming, and he was keeping sharp watch on his latest hit, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.



Begelman in Columbia screening room

Symbol of their discontent.

Currently it is the nation's top-grossing film, having run up \$62 million in receipts in six weeks. Wheeling as usual, Begelman set up a distribution deal for Robert Mitchum's new film, *The Amsterdam Kill*, and signed Robert Redford to star in *Electric Horseman*.

It was precisely because Begelman had rescued Columbia from the brink of bankruptcy and turned it into a money-maker that its directors last December decided to reinstate him. A vocal dissenter had been Alan Hirschfeld, president of Columbia's parent, Columbia Pictures Industries; the two men seemed formally reconciled last week, and Hirschfeld spent the week in Hollywood talking with Begelman about future plans. But the Columbia directors were scheduled to meet again this week, and there was speculation that they might reconsider their decision, particularly since Columbia stock has fallen to 15¢ from 20¢ in December, before the affair burst into the open.

The bad publicity is continuing. Last week *New West* and *New York* magazines ran a seven-page expose on Begelman, charging that his recent rip-offs were not a "mental aberration," as he claimed, but fitted a long-term pattern, dating back to his days as Judy Garland's agent in the early 1960s. Drawing mainly on files and canceled checks supplied by Garland's former husband Sid Luft, the article asserted that Begelman and a partner, Freddie Fields, had fleeced the singer of large amounts. Meanwhile the Los Angeles County district attorney was investigating the latest Begelman case but was finding it difficult to prosecute because Columbia would not press charges.

The Begelman affair, however, has prompted many stars and agents to make their own verbal indictments of practices in the \$3.2 billion-a-year film industry. Said Hollywood Lawyer Ronald Litz: "The custom in Hollywood is that you get away with as much as you can until you're caught." Litz won a \$225,000 settlement from Columbia for Robert Redford and Director Sydney Pollack, who contended they had been denied their fair share of the profit from *The Way We Were*.

Indeed, actors, directors and writers commonly complain that studios cheat them out of the "points," or percentages of the film's profits, for which they make contracts. Hollywood's contracts are so complicated that almost no one can understand them; the definition of "net profit" takes up seven pages of single-spaced type in one studio's contract. "Net profits" and "gross receipts" for a film rarely mean what they imply in other businesses, and the studio often can and does add on exorbitant overhead charges, deduct all manner of "expenses," and play with foreign costs and taxes.

A onetime Columbia executive cites

Economy & Business

Street of Big Spenders

Rodeo Drive offers everything to a few

the example of *Funny Girl*, which cost \$6 million to produce but was not accounted in the black until it had taken in \$30 million in gross receipts. David Merrick complains that independent producers like himself are grossly overcharged for "overhead" by the studios. "They always manage to throw in the kitchen sink," Jeff Wald, who manages Sylvester Stallone (*Rocky*), says that the independents must be constantly on guard against the studios' chicanery. "They'll build the sets needed for your picture on Saturday and Sunday, when you have to pay double time." Actor Tony Curtis adds that "a studio executive will fly down to Acapulco with 14 of his chicklets and charge the trip against profits." Curtis contends that movie companies have cheated him for years, and asks, "If that's the way they treat a dude like me, who's got a reputation and an image, how do you think they treat a guy they've never heard of?"

Disputes over bookkeeping and vagaries in reporting foreign receipts lead to continual strife. Actors Sean Connery and Michael Caine sued Allied Artists for \$109,146 each to retrieve profits that they contend were understated for *The Man Who Would Be King*. Such suits are usually settled out of court. Bringing them to trial, say actors and their lawyers, would be enormously costly and would pose a risk of blacklisting for the troublemaking plaintiffs. In their own defense, studio executives claim that they tack on only the costs required to meet their legitimate expenses and overhead. And they have a big overhead, they add, to cover their losses from films that bomb out. Robert Evans, who has been both a studio chief (Paramount) and an independent producer, agrees with that reasoning. Says he, "Who pays the \$21 million loss on *The Sorcerer*? The studio."

Risk, of course, justifies a high rate of return, but not chicanery. The Begelman affair reawakens old suspicions about Hollywood—that it is dominated by a handful of imperious men who can benefit from a double scale of justice and a one-sided set of books.

In Beverly Hills, Calif., that capital of conspicuous consumption, Rodeo Drive rather suddenly has become one of the world's premier shopping streets. Ever since Gucci set up an outpost several years ago, tony merchants have been rushing to Rodeo, until now there is no place left. If all that glitters on Rodeo is not gold, it is most certainly platinum, silver or the chrome plating on the bumpers of a typical shopper's Rolls-Royce. Los Angeles Bureau Chief William Rademakers strolled down the drive and returned with this report:

Outwardly, Rodeo Drive (pronounced Road-eh-oh) looks like any other shopping street in the fertile crescent of Beverly Hills. The buildings tend to be one- and two-story structures, pastel, neo-Spanish, neo-20th Century-Fox. Even the ficus trees lining the street seem to be part of a grand design by Potemkin. Still, the veteran spendthrift arriving on Rodeo Drive has a sense of déjà vu. No, the street does not possess the discreet elegance of Paris' Rue du Faubourg-St.-Honoré, or the stylishness of Rome's Via Condotti or the hustling excitement of Manhattan's Fifth Avenue. But the very rich find most of the store names cozy and familiar: Courrèges, Fred Joaillier, Gucci, Hermès, Bally, Céline, Ted Lapidus, Bilari, Nazareno Gabrielli, Battaglia, Mille Chemises, Omega, Saint-Germain, Pierre Dux and Lothars of Paris. Others are of questionable vintage: Guiof, Mr. Guy, even a Jerry Magnin store that has the temerity to put sale soccer shoes in its window. In all, 60 stores along 2½ blocks of Rodeo Drive rang up sales of \$200 million last year.

In a neighborhood where spending vast sums quickly is a habit of nobility, the Saudis and Iranians are truly princes, if not kings. There is the story about the two Saudi princesses who, with their bodyguard, arrived late one Friday de-

manding to get in touch with the Bank of America, though the bank was closed. Soon, however, the bank delivered, in a special car, an envelope containing \$200,000—shopping money for Saturday. Another Saudi princess recently walked into Giorgio, picked up \$30,000 worth of dresses in a couple of hours, then with a flourish gave the owner's wife a gold and diamond pave bracelet for waiting on her.

Iranians come and go on Rodeo, lavishing hundreds of thousands of petrodollars. They also see the street as a handsome investment area. Bijan Pakzad opened the store of his dreams on Rodeo Drive, a men's store so exclusive (or merely overpriced) that, says he, "the only proper customer is the man who earns \$100,000 a month." He and his partner, another Iranian, Daryoush Mahboubi-Fardi, adorned their store with a \$400,000 brass and glass staircase, a \$75,000 crystal chandelier and a gaggle of other niceties totaling \$1 million.

Says Pakzad, with the modesty of a shah, "If somebody needs something, he doesn't belong here. If a man comes in and asks for a size 16½ white shirt, he doesn't belong. But if a man comes in and says, 'I'm throwing out 24 white shirts and I'd like to replace them,' then that's my customer."

Fred Hayman, owner of Giorgio, has given his clothing store a British club atmosphere. He offers an espresso and cocktail bar (free drinks), a pool table, a "reading area" with a newspaper rack, supple leather chairs and a crackling wood-burning fireplace, presumably to give bored husbands something to do while their wives inspect the creations of some 60 European designers. Giorgio has no trouble paying its overhead. Most U.S. retailers would be happy to sell annually \$100 worth of merchandise for every sq. ft. of floor space. Hayman claims that



Typical scene on Rodeo in Beverly Hills: a line-up (from left) of Cadillac Seville, Rolls-Royce, Mercedes, Rolls-Royce, Mercedes. Cases stuffed with hundred-dollar bills and one shopper who likes to drink champagne out of new Gucci loafers.

Giorgio averages \$1,000 per sq. ft., and revenues last year were \$4.5 million.

Gucci's Rodeo shop had sales of \$15 million last year and attracts as many as 2,000 people a day. They buy "necessities" as varied as \$89 loafers and \$200,000 diamond-and-pearl necklaces, and they exercise their eccentricities. One man arrives regularly in a white Rolls-Royce, carrying Dom Perignon in a paper bag, sits down to drink with the help and customers, then drives away, usually without buying anything. Another buys Gucci presents for friends from an attache case stuffed with hundred-dollar bills; he also likes to drink champagne out of new Gucci loafers, then wear them home.

Comedian Red Skelton, who shops there, calls Rodeo a "nice, friendly street—but too expensive." But many Rodeo customers spend without even asking prices, sometimes because they do not speak English. Recently, a young Japanese rushed into Hermes, pointed in quick succession to a \$1,000 lambskin jacket, an \$850 suede coat, three silk robes at \$700 each, five blouses at \$350 apiece and many other goodies. While salespeople totaled all his purchases (\$8,000), he dashed out to do more shopping. He returned

There is a long list of retailers waiting to get onto Rodeo, and some pay up to \$300,000 to buy out a lease. Since 1973, rents have tripled, to \$3 or \$5 per sq. ft., to the delight of such property owners as Greta Garbo and Health Food High Priest Gayelord Hauser. Tenants often must agree as well to pay a portion of property taxes and a percentage of profits.

If they can wait till mid-1980, new merchants may have the opportunity to

move onto Rodeo. A group of investors headed by Mahboubi-Fardi and Developer David Rowen bought, for \$6 million, a large parcel of land that now accommodates the Luau restaurant and a parking lot. They plan to raze the Luau and put up a 75,000-sq.-ft. building to house about 30 store shells, into which tenants will pour millions of dollars to make improvements, then wait for the big sales to people who never seem to run out of money.



Clockwise from above: Buyer with \$75,000 in jewelry at Fred Joallier; Sportscaster Phyllis George at Giorgio; Owner Aldo Gucci and customer in his store



shortly with new luggage to hold his purchases, then dashed off to catch a plane. At Lina Lee, an Iranian woman spent less than five minutes—and more than \$1,900—buying three silk and chiffon daytime dresses. Asked if she wanted to try them on, she replied, "No, no, I love them. I just know I want them."

Movie and TV stars, including Barbara, Raquel, Zsa Zsa and Cher, trek regularly to Rodeo Drive, but most customers are not well known, just rich. On a recent afternoon, Edna Weiss, a restaurant supplier's wife, drove up in her birthday present, a 1978 black Rolls-Royce, to do some shopping. Her schedule: a fitting at Gucci, up the block to Courreges to catch the sale, then perhaps to Knights for a gift. Says Weiss: "I'm very chauvinistic about Rodeo. I've been to all the major shopping centers in the world, and there's nothing that can compare."



Bijan Pakzad on \$400,000 brass-and-glass staircase, surrounded by salespeople and customers. A stage for conspicuous consumption, with people who never seem to run out of money.



Cicely Tyson as Coretta King



The civil rights march from Selma to Montgomery



Paul Winfield as Martin Luther King

Television

Truths and Consequences

KING, NBC, Feb. 12-14;

RUBY AND OSWALD, CBS, Feb. 8

The clash and carryings-on over *Soap* aside, television's instant-history movies have been the season's most hotly debated entertainment. When ABC let loose with its twelve-hour Watergate roman à clef, *Washington: Behind Closed Doors*, last fall, half the critics and columnists in the country attacked the miniseries for playing fast and loose with recent political fact. Then the same network aired a so-called docu-drama, *The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald*, to even harsher criticism. Now NBC and CBS are getting ready to take their lumps. *King*, a six-hour miniseries consecrated to the life and times of the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr., has already been assailed by King's second in command, the Rev. Ralph Abernathy, for overstating the role of a white adviser during King's crusades. CBS's new three-hour account of *Ruby and Oswald* in Dallas may drive the nation's army of assassination addicts to yet another round of exasperated press conferences. The louder the debate, of course, the higher the ratings.

Yet argument over the factual batting average of such shows is not entirely relevant. A fiction TV movie with every line of dialogue taken exactly from the public record can still be a subjective work, each time a director casts an actor as a historical figure or chooses a camera angle. He is shaping the facts to serve a personal point of view. *The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald*, for example, was scrupulously researched but managed to transform history into nonsense. *Wash-*

ington: Behind Closed Doors, for all its fictionalizations, presented a symbolically credible portrait of moral chaos in Nixon's White House. Both *King* and *Ruby and Oswald* claim to be based on fact—and contain obvious inaccuracies. But such things matter less than the grand design—the overall impression that the facts, both real and suspect, deliver.

Of the two projects, *King* is far the better. Written and directed by the pious Abby Mann (*Judgment at Nuremberg*, *Ship of Fools*), it makes a decent attempt to explain the meaning of a remarkable man's life. Audiences too young to remember the civil rights movement of the '50s and '60s may find *King* a revelation. The struggles of Montgomery and Birmingham, of Selma and Chicago are all re-enacted with corrosive force. So, too, are the many efforts to block King's progress, whether by thugs or Southern sheriffs or J. Edgar Hoover. Against this tumultuous background, King's courageous devotion to nonviolent activism assumes appropriately heroic proportions.

The film gains authority from Paul Winfield's performance in the title role. He manages to convey the inner power as well as the mild outer surface of the public King and delivers those famous sermons with restrained gospel fervor. Scenes that depict King's private life are markedly less successful. The film's deadly first half-hour, which chronicles King's courtship of Coretta (blandly played by Cicely Tyson), looks like a sitcom pilot. Later attempts to focus on the hero's hu-

manly and self-doubt seem repetitive and mawkish. The audience is asked to believe that King's only defect was an occasional hankering for a cigarette. Mann also falls into the trap of overloading his script with Big Names. *King* not only features bad impersonations of various Kennedys and Lyndon Johnson but also includes gratuitous and self-serving cameos by Ramsey Clark, Julian Bond and Singer Tony Bennett, playing themselves.

If *King* is simplistic and flawed, its mistakes are at least put to the service of a valid drama. *Ruby and Oswald* is up to no good. This film exists only to exploit the pornography of violence. Indeed, it is constructed like a porno flick: long and dreary expository scenes pay off in the orgasmic murders of Kennedy and Oswald. Along the way, the film does point out that Ruby and Oswald (Michael Lerner and Frederic Forrest) are both psychotic paranoids, but this is far from startling information. While an announcer explains that every scene "has been drawn from sworn testimony," the facts of *Ruby and Oswald* are nothing more than a front for the film's ghoulish intent.

Scattered throughout *Ruby and Oswald* is actual TV footage of Kennedy in Dallas, his still blood-spattered wife Jacqueline returning the body to Washington and the funeral cortege. Unlike anything else in the movie, these needlessly abbreviated clips bring back the grief of those days, and they are a teasing reminder of how powerful television can be when face-to-face with real-life history. They also point up the true absurdity of the docu-drama format. If the networks would only rebroadcast the news film in their archives instead of re-enacting it, they would waste less of their money and less of the audience's time.

—Frank Rich

Sport

Five Can Always Beat One

The Celtics have lost what Portland has found: teamwork

From the rafters of Boston Garden, high above the hardwood parquet floor, hang two huge green-and-white banners bearing the retired jersey numbers of Boston Celtics who are basketball immortals: Bob Cousy's No. 14, Tommy Heinsohn's No. 15, Bill Russell's No. 6. Flanking the banners are 13 championship pennants signifying N.B.A. titles in nearly half of the league's 32 seasons. It is the gallery of a dynasty, the pantheon of Celtic pride. But this year only the memories are alive. The Celtics are floundering through their worst season since 1949-50 (22 wins, 46 defeats). Injuries and bad trades have been partially to blame; but the Celtics, of all teams, have been playing the kind of playground, hot-dog basketball that plagues so many clubs in the N.B.A. and mars games featuring athletes who are the best as a group, the sport has ever known.

The indulgence in selfish point-grabbing by the pros spurred during the bidding war for talent between the N.B.A. and the American Basketball Association, which was absorbed by the older league in 1976. Agents negotiated long-term, no-cut contracts and even so-so players got \$200,000 or more a year. Admits Detroit's Center Bob Lanier a team player himself: "Most people, and I'm one of them, get paid by the statistics they produce. A lot of guys have inflated values of their worth." In Boston, the egos got so big that the players forced the retirement of Coach Heinsohn in mid-season. Says Celtic Vice President Jeff Cohen: "The players weren't listening to Heinsohn. You can't make them listen. If a player has three years to go on his contract, you aren't going to turn him. We are in a new era now. But the question is whether the players are killing the goose that laid the golden egg."

Adds Cousy, the Celtics' superlative playmaker of old: "The problems of the Celtics are an accumulation of things I see across the board in the N.B.A. no-cut contracts, big money. The system has created a Frankenstein, and he's finally turning on his maker. Younger players are very aware that they've got to put the ball in the hole, and if they do, it will result in substantial salary benefits. By the time they get to be professionals, it's difficult to convince them that basketball is a team sport and that guys play together."

Rookie forward Cedric ("Cornbread") Maxwell had a jolting coup-

rance when he joined Boston with high expectations. Says he: "Oh, man, Celtic pride. I've been hearing about Celtic pride from the day I got drafted. People asking me what happened to Celtic pride. I don't know what happened to it, because I don't know what it looks like."

Celtic pride, young man, has gone West—to Portland, Ore., where the Trailblazers play generous team basketball,



Bill Walton firing a pass to ignite the Blazers' fast break
Can the hot dogs learn to cut the mustard?

heed the guidance of Coach Jack Ramsay and win games with a sizzling fast break, tough defense and percentage shotmaking—all hallmarks of the glory years in Boston. Despite their bulging playbooks, most N.B.A. teams have only two or three options for any situation before shoveling the ball to a star. Coach Ramsay has devised 25 variations for each of his three basic offensive plays. The result is a juggernaut of guards and forwards, weaving, cutting, running first clockwise, then counterclockwise, until someone is open to get a crisp pass from Supercenter Bill Walton for an unchallenged shot. Says New Jersey Nets Coach Kevin Loughery: "It's like trying to patch a leak in the dike. You think you have it fixed and another cutter

opens up a new hole." Tenacity means easy goals. Portland leads the N.B.A. in lay-ups.

Portland's style requires discipline and depth on the bench to sustain the relentless running. The Celtics once shone with "sixth man" basketball; the Blazers have upped the ante. Playing time is shared almost equally by nine of the roster's eleven men. The Trailblazers also divide the scoring. No Blazer—not even Walton—is among the top-20 scorers in the league, but Portland ranks fourth in field goals scored, as well as first in defense. And with 40 wins against only eight defeats, Portland is playing at a record-

challenging pace. Their longest losing streak this season is just two games, and halfway through the season, no team has beaten the Blazers more than once.

Portland's band of brothers have become the city's darlings. Memorial Coliseum sells out for every game, as have recent closed-circuit theater telecasts. The team is also winning support back East. The nation's fans voted Walton the top center for last weekend's All-Star game; the Blazers' marvelous power forward Maurice Lucas led the balloting for his position in the Western Conference, despite a modest 16.7 scoring average. Says Walton: "The honor for Luke and me is especially encouraging because it shows that the fans will recognize good players, not just good statistics." Says Ramsay: "If you contribute to winning, you'll get recognized just as quickly as those who average 30 points a game."

Maybe so, and maybe there is hope that the N.B.A.'s superstars will be able to raise the game to new heights by playing together as well as they play alone. Philadelphia's gang of superb freelancers again heads its division, but two other sections of the N.B.A. are led by relatively unglamorous, team-play clubs: the Denver Nuggets and the San Antonio Spurs. The well-drilled Phoenix Suns have the league's third-best won-lost record, yet still trail Portland by eight games.

Denver Coach Larry Brown is an optimist: "Watch the draft. Teams are going to take their picks from colleges where team play is strong, not just high scoring." Adds Portland Vice President Stu Inman: "What we're doing will have an effect on how other teams in the league build for the future. Front runners are always emulated, and in basketball there is nothing better than team play. Five guys could always beat one. You don't have to be a whiz at math to know that."

The Los Angeles Express of Chamberlain, West and Goodrich set a 69-13 mark in 1972.

Books

More News of the Dark Foundling

WUTHERING HEIGHTS by Emily Brontë: 388 pages

RETURN TO WUTHERING HEIGHTS by Anna L'Estrange: 365 pages

Pinnacle Books; \$1.95 each (paperbacks)

HEATHCLIFF by Jeffrey Caine; Knopf; 246 pages; \$7.95

"Nightmares and dreams, through which devils dance and wolves howl, make bad novels." So wrote an American critic upon reading Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights* soon after it was first published in December 1847. As so often happens, the reviewer was wrong. Emily's tumultuous tale of Catherine Earnshaw and the dark foundling Heathcliff, of the passion that raged between them across the Yorkshire moors, easily endured critical barbs and long ago became an English classic. If anything, the novel's popularity has grown steadily in the past 130 years. It has

setting, more terrible still. The Brontës knew better than to assert the supernatural; much more chilling to insinuate it while denying its existence.

Emily's leap of genius was to have the story of Heathcliff and Catherine's blighted love told by Lockwood, a prissy outsider, and by Nelly Dean, the prim housekeeper who had witnessed most of the novel's events. Such narrow-minded story tellers were ill-equipped to understand a raging natural force like Heathcliff, much less to sympathize with his condition. The greater their shock at Heathcliff's behavior, the more they con-



Contemporary portrait of Emily Brontë



Author Anna L'Estrange walks the Yorkshire moors near the site of *Wuthering Heights*

been filmed several times, most memorably in 1939 with Laurence Olivier in the role of Heathcliff. U.S. readers can now choose among more than 20 different editions of the book.

To which Los Angeles-based Pinnacle Books has added yet another. Why? Because the firm has also published *Return to Wuthering Heights* and hopes that the Brontë novel will serve as a teaser for its sequel. Fair enough. The more copies of *Wuthering Heights* available the better, for it is unquestionably the best of the hundreds of derivative gothic paperbacks published each year. Both Emily Brontë and her sister Charlotte (*Jane Eyre*) helped raise gothic fiction to the level of art. Before them, emotion-churning novels had been ludicrous affairs, monsters produced by the sleep of 18th-century reason. The sisters' works domesticated gothic terror and made it seem, because it arose in a homely and familiar

denied him, the clearer it became that Heathcliff existed on a plane beyond the grasp of normal comprehension. Emily also wisely kept the man offstage much of the time. Rumors of monsters are usually more impressive than the creatures themselves.

This hint of ineffability has contributed much to the allure of *Wuthering Heights*. It has also, coincidentally, prompted two writers to fill in some of the things Emily did not say. With few exceptions (notably T.H. White's revisitation of *Gulliver's Travels* and Nicholas Meyer's further adventures of Sherlock Holmes), sequels of books, written by someone other than the original author, have been shameless rip-offs. Oddly enough, *Wuthering Heights* is still sufficiently vital to sustain its parasites.

In *Return to Wuthering Heights*, Anna L'Estrange (pen name of Author Rosemary Ellerbeck) sticks closely to the



Novelist Jeffrey Caine
Heathcliff would never apologize.



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Books

original Brontë formula. Lockwood's son Tom inherits his father's manuscript and becomes intrigued by the story of Heathcliff and Catherine. He returns to the vicinity of Wuthering Heights to learn what happened to the survivors after Heathcliff's death 38 years earlier. He meets Nelly Dean's great-niece Agnes, who has served virtually all the Earnshaw and Heathcliff descendants since She has plenty to tell.

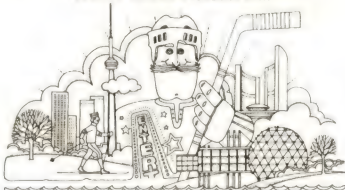
Catherine's daughter, also named Catherine, and Hareton Earnshaw were to marry at the end of *Wuthering Heights*. Well, they did, and things went swimmingly until Heathcliff's natural son showed up and wooed Catherine away to Wuthering Heights. The child produced of this union is thus another illegitimate little Heathcliff who robs the nest of the next generation of Earnshaw men. "History," Agnes remarks blandly, "was repeating itself."

All this intermarriage and intermingling produce some tangled relationships and considerable confusion. When Agnes talks to Hareton about his father, she has to tell him and the reader exactly whom she means "Your father Mr. Hindley, Mrs. Linton's brother." Later, things reach a prettier pass. Agnes is appalled to think that "not only was the Colonel Margaret's husband and the father of her unborn child, and the enemy of her father but he was also the lover of her mother and the father of Anthony and all this unbeknownst to the children. No wonder the knowledge of it made Mr. Earnshaw ill." When such awkwardnesses of her own creation threaten to overwhelm the story, L'Estrange keeps things moving by simply brazening through. She produces a page-turner rather than art, but she does not drag *Wuthering Heights* into blithering depths.

Rather than picking up after Brontë's novel, *Heathcliff* begins and ends during it. Novelist Jeffrey Caine attempts to show where Heathcliff was during the roughly three years he was absent from *Wuthering Heights*. L'Estrange suggests in passing that he was in Liverpool, working on the docks. Caine insists that he went to London and made a fortune in the underworld.

Ordinarily, such speculation is about as profitable as wondering what Hamlet studied at Wittenberg. But given its woolgathering premise, *Heathcliff* is a remarkably accomplished and engrossing novel. It is also a first-rate act of literary impersonation. Caine introduces convincing versions of Lockwood and Nelly Dean and, at some risk, a long autobiographical letter written by Heathcliff himself. Better because he knows Catherine will never marry him, the ferocious young man flees the Heights with a vague plan to wreak vengeance on the world. No sooner does he reach London than he joins a mob wrecking a house in Bloomsbury Square. The work invigorates him: "I

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Books

longed to cross the square and start on Bedford House, then begin elsewhere, until I had demolished every great house in London, after which I'd unleash myself on the provinces and not quit till I had the razing of all such dwellings from Land's End to Carlisle. And maybe Scotland, too."

That sounds a lot like the Heathcliff that generations of readers have loved. Even those unfamiliar with *Wuthering Heights* can enjoy Heathcliff's crackling prose and rapid pacing. Inevitably, though, the information that Caine contrives detracts something from the legend that Brontë invented. Heathcliff was not meant to dally, however rudely, with London ladies. Heathcliff also suggests that his hero is more pussycat than tiger. For all his violent talk ("I kicked him in the mouth, rattling his teeth nicely, like dice in a cup"), Heathcliff kills no one. His one violent act, cutting off the hand of an enemy who had tried to kill him, goads him into a shamefaced apology to Catherine. The real Heathcliff would never explain or apologize.

Except, of course, that there never was a real Heathcliff. The power of great fiction makes such facts unimportant, and both L'Estrange and Caine have paid tribute to that power. The trouble is that both writers hint of further tributes to come. Pinnacle does more than hint, it promises "additional volumes chronicling the lives and loves of the descendants of Heathcliff and Catherine." The prospect of some nine generations of Heathcliffs yet to come is horrifying, and not in a way Emily Brontë would admire. A Heathcliff in the factory, another in the trenches, yet another on the dole and, finally, a Heathcliff as the lead singer in a group of punk rockers, it will be too much. Heathcliff should remain in the state Brontë left him, buried under the moor while his spirit roamed, exactly where it belonged, around *Wuthering Heights*.

Paul Gray

Clock Stopper

OLIVE AND MARY ANNE

by James T. Farrell

Stoneline; 212 pages; \$8.95

"**M**orris lit a cigarette. A woman in red walked by. She looked fresh; she seemed to be untouched by the sweltering heat. Morris stared after her. God, to have a woman like that!"

The cadence of the prose in *Olive and Mary Anne* is reminiscent of boots on pavement. The themes are not much subtler: an heiress slides into boozy decay; a proletarian poet recollects his childhood in an orphanage and his sexual initiation; a Communist seeks to tear down institutions—and dreams of dominating women. It scarcely matters what time is assigned to these stories; the author's clock has stopped in the '30s, when nat-



Author James T. Farrell

Familiarity with the details of grief.

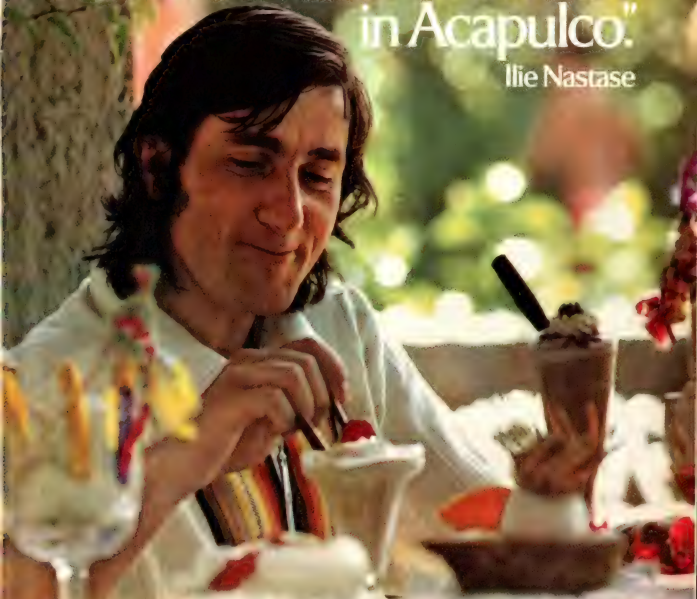
uralism reigned and bourgeois society was the ordure of the day. The revolutionaries of that epoch now resemble entries on some tarnished armed services memorial. Edward Dahlberg, Benjamin Appel, Richard Wright, James T. Farrell. Of them all, only Farrell is still doing business at the same old stand. His ear for dialogue remains metallic ("And now, to no self-neglect," he said, raising his glass and drinking"). His plots are, as always, mere runways for their adrenal characters. Yet, nearing 74, Farrell shows no signs of flagging energy, and he has lost none of his familiarity with the details of grief. His working people seem to have jobs, not roles; his drunkards sometimes stink of excess, but never of self-pity.

Understandably, there was a time when Farrell was a lodestar of the non-Communist left. His *Studs Lonigan* trilogy is a genre classic, a cluttered memoir of graceless Irish poor whose lyricism and potential are crushed in the struggle to survive. H.L. Mencken called their creator "the best living novelist," and Critic Alfred Kazin noted respectfully that "Farrell was the archetypal novelist of the crisis and its inflections... all the rawness and distemper of the thirties seem to live in [his] novels."

But the social realism that flourished in depression was exhausted by prosperity. In the ensuing decades, Chicago's backwaters were described in livelier manner by Nelson Algren and Saul Bellow. Farrell gradually dropped out of sight, his books published but ignored by critics and readers who had moved on to other themes, higher styles. The old pro stayed on his outworn turf producing characters who still dumbly battled circumstance, like cuttlefish trying to redirect the tide. *Olive and Mary Anne*

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Books

is the fixture as before. Its five tales are confined to the standard Farrell inventory: lives with insufficient love, the sorrows of gin, childhood wounds carried for a lifetime. Yet the stories cannot be easily dismissed or forgotten. Farrell's approach, like that of his mentor Theodore Dreiser, consists not only of primitive human drama but also of profound human sympathy. In this, his 51st book, the drama is crude but the sympathy incalculable.

Olive and Mary Anne seems unlikely to win the author a vast new public. Audiences will be attracted by another, larger project. NBC has plans for a high-budget miniseries based on *Studs Lonigan*—a kind of Hibernian *Roots*. The notion of commercial television popularizing an old radical is an irony too strong even for a James T. Farrell character—and just right for this neglected author.

—Stefan Kanfer

Advertisements For Himself

BLOOD, BRAINS AND BEER: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DAVID OGILVY

Athenum; 181 pages; \$7.95

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David journeys to Paris, becomes a chef, then enjoys a brief career as door-to-

door salesman before pushing on to America. In the New World he goes to Hollywood to survey the box-office appeal of leading stars. He boosts the career of Lana Turner; others are branded "Box Office Poison" and quickly fade from the screen. War breaks out, and David serves England as aide to Spymaster William Stephenson.

Then the adventurer becomes, of all things, a tobacco farmer in Pennsylvania's Amish country. No outsider knows more about the sect than Ogilvy, who scatters insights and anecdotes in his wake. He is a bust at farming, and at 38 he conquers Madison Avenue. His exploits there have been boomed in Ogilvy's bestselling *Confessions of an Adman*. Here he moves on to publicize his most complex and delightful client—himself.

The chap who put an eye patch on the Hathaway shirt man and made Commander Whitehead a household beard consistently heeds the advice he has dispensed for decades. In the *Confessions* he warned never to be boring, and to repeat that previous campaign—the earlier book was intended to drum up business, and did—would thus be a sin. *Blood, Brains and Beer* also adheres to other cardinal principles of admaking: the straight story, smoothly told, sells stuff best; it is wrong to lie, but feel free to omit; humor should not be overdone (it is a bit too scarce in the last three-fourths of the book); testimonials work wonders (Ogilvy quotes verbatim an honorary degree citation awarded him by Adelphi University). The adman is now retired to a 37-bedroom medieval French château. There he continues to produce work that sounds less like a *grand seigneur* than a great copywriter: "How would you like to watch a Wall Creeper running up and down the apricot walls?" he writes. "You lunch in the garden in the shade of a seventeenth-century holly tree."

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—Stuart Schoffman

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Daniel Martin, *John Fowles* The Honourable Schoolboy, *John le Carré* • The Professor of Desire, *Philip Roth* • Song of Solomon, *Toni Morrison* • Transatlantic Blues, *Wilfrid Sheed*

NONFICTION: Coming into the Country, *John McPhee* • The Diaries of Evelyn Waugh, edited by *Michael Davis* • Dispatches, *Michael Herr* The Last Cowboy, *Jane Kramer* Letters to Friends, Family and Editors, *Franz Kafka*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Thorn Birds, *McCullough* (1 last week)
2. The Silmarillion, *Tolkien* (2)
3. The Honourable Schoolboy, *Le Carré* (3)
4. Illusions, *Bach* (4)
5. The Black Marble, *Wambaugh* (5)
6. Beggarman, Thief, *Shaw* (7)
7. Dreams Die First, *Robbins* (6)
8. Daniel Martin, *Fowles* (8)
9. The Second Deadly Sin, *Sanders* (10)
10. Delta of Venus, *Nin*

NONFICTION

1. The Complete Book of Running, *Fixx* (1)
2. All Things Wise and Wonderful, *Herriot* (2)
3. The Second Ring of Power, *Castaneda* (4)
4. The Book of Liss, *Wallechinsky*, *I. & A. Wallace* (3)
5. The Amityville Horror, *Anson* (9)
6. My Mother: My Self, *Friday* (10)
7. Gnomes, *Huygen & Poorvliet* (5)
8. Coming into the Country, *McPhee*
9. Six Men, *Cooke*
10. The Woman's Dress for Success Book, *Molloy*

Milestones

BORN. To *Natalia Makarova*, 37, Russian ballerina who defected to the West in 1970, and *Edward Karkar*, 45, an electronics manufacturer; a son, their first child; in San Francisco. Name: *Andre Michel*.

DIED. *Wellwood E. Beall*, 71, pioneer airplane designer and engineer; following surgery; in Santa Monica, Calif. During his 30 years with Boeing (1934 to 1964), Beall oversaw the development of the 314 Boeing Clipper, the B-17 Flying Fortress and B-29 Superfortress of World War II; the B-47 and B-52 jet bombers; and the Boeing 707, the first commercial jet aircraft. In 1964 he became a corporate vice president with Douglas Aircraft Co.

DIED. *Leonard J. Feeney*, 80, fiery Jesuit priest who was excommunicated in 1953 for disobeying his religious superiors and

for interpreting literally the traditional Catholic doctrine that "outside the Church there is no salvation"; of a heart attack; in Ayer, Mass. After his excommunication, Feeney and his followers, the Slaves of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, moved to a farm commune in Still River, Mass. In 1972 the aging, ailing Father Feeney was reconciled to the church without recanting.

DIED. *Harold Lionel Zellerbach*, 83, former executive vice president and grandson of the founder of Crown Zellerbach, one of the world's largest producers of paper products; while vacationing aboard a cruise ship; in Honolulu. President for 28 years of the San Francisco Art Commission, Zellerbach helped establish the city as one of the country's cultural centers. He was also active in international af-

fairs and in 1957 was named head of the Commission on European Refugees, which tried to find homes for post-World War II displaced persons.

DIED. *Tim McCoy*, 86, real-life cowboy who became one of Hollywood's best-known western heroes (*War Paint*, *Winners of the Wilderness*, *Ghost Town Law*); in Nogales, Ariz. A rancher and amateur historian who knew the neighboring Indians well, McCoy was named Wyoming's Indian commissioner in 1920, after serving as a cavalry instructor and a colonel in the artillery in World War I. He helped hire 500 Indians for the film *The Covered Wagon* in 1922, then went to Hollywood and became the good-guy star of 200 or so films and numerous touring "Wild West" shows over the next 45 years. Said McCoy: "I always played myself."

Music

The Brash Ballad of Billy Joel

High-torque serenader from the street corner

Hey, Virginia Callahan. Remember Mrs. Joel's kid, Billy, from down the street? The greaser who took the piano lessons and had his shifty eye on you? Well, he just wrote a song about you. And you won't like it.

The song hangs tough, rocks hard, and deliberately echoes one of those "baby, let's make out" tunes from the 1950s, the ones where the guys were always trying to get the girls to go... well, if not further than they wanted, then at least further than they thought they should. Billy gets right down to business. "Come out Virginia, Don't let me wait/ You Catholic girls start much too late," he sings in his bruised tenor, his memory for details ("You got a nice white dress and/ a party on your confirmation") as sharp as his point:

*You say your mother told you
all
that I could give you was a
reputation
She never cared for me
But did she ever say a prayer
for me?*

The title of the song is the real snapper, an old tough-guy cliché flipped around and twisted like a blade—Only the Good Die Young.

Well, it was a one-way romance, and maybe Billy Joel is getting a little of his own back. Now is certainly the time for it; since a wide-ranging, heavily attended concert tour and the release last September of his fifth album, *The Stranger*, he returns have been heavy, and all flowing in his direction. The album glided into the Top Five this week, and it has long since gone way past platinum (1 million copies sold) with ease.

Joel's best songs have the brash humor, the sad, sometimes lavish sentiment that still stirs faint echoes of the boys down on the corner, harmonizing on the Top 40. Raised in a solidly middle-class section of Hicksville, Long Island, Joel, 28, began piano lessons at four, but also boxed in school and hung out with the sort of hell raisers that would have made Virginia's mother double-lock the door. Here is how he tells it: "You got into junior high, you could go one of three ways. You could be a collegiate, a hitter or a brownie—the kid who wears brown shoes with white socks, carries a schoolbag and always gets the monitor jobs."

Joel's career as a hood was long on style, short on rough stuff. Never of-

ficially graduating from high school, he drifted into a few local Long Island rock groups and recorded one solo album, which resulted in little notice and a prolonged legal wrangle with his management. Joel and his girlfriend Elizabeth lit out for L.A. To pay the rent, he played cocktail piano for half a year in a neighborhood bar called the Executive Room that advertised BILL MARTIN AT THE KEYBOARD. Joel emerged from this



Singer-Composer Joel in his Manhattan apartment
Some of the best pop music in the neighborhood.

honky-tonk penance with a new wife (Elizabeth), a new contract from a major company (Columbia), and a new album whose title song, *Piano Man*, became a hit single in 1974.

That record was his first brush with the big time, but Joel hardly had the chance to settle back. His albums after *Piano Man* sold well, but not excitingly. His audience was not expanding appreciably beyond a loyal band of fanatic followers located mostly in the Northeast, possibly because his music was too varied—and sometimes a little too slick—to classify.

"I'm a big melody freak," says Joel. Indeed, "big" neatly describes the size of the melodies as well as his enthusiasm for them. As demonstrated by his

current hit single, a graceful ballad called *Just the Way You Are*, Joel harks back to the luxuriant strains of superb song craftsmen like Harold Arlen as much as he follows in the tradition of masters of rock-'n'-roll delirium like Phil Spector. His songs have also been covered by belters like Streisand and jazz stylists like Bobby Scott, and seem easily to snuggle into whatever groove comes up.

Joel enjoys the malleability of his music, just as he revels in the seemingly contradictory influences that molded him since he began improvising piano exercises to relieve the boredom of daily lessons when he was a kid. He counts for major inspiration the metric acrobatics of Dave Brubeck's *Take Five* and the seamless jazz fantasies of Oscar Peterson. He dreams of the day Ray Charles will pull one of the best songs out of the Joel portfolio, "and I'll hear *New York State of Mind* at the World Series." He prides himself on being a rocker, but wears a tie and jacket onstage and during performances does cocky, funny monologues about the sartorial and pharmacological indulgences of his peers.

All these divergent strains and spiky attitudes have assigned Joel uncertain territory between rock and pop and have tended to keep most big-league rock critics at a distance from his work. "I don't need that," he comments, street kid's swagger still intact. "Long, learned reviews are just hard to read."

If *The Stranger* does not fully reconcile all his dreams and influences, it at least contrives to let them all exist well together. Under the direction of gifted Producer Phil Ramone, the new record has a harder, more astrigent sound. Joel's lyrics can be biting, wistful or full of bite. He is at his best taking unsentimental trips back to home territory, exploring the dead ends and defeats of middle-class life in a song like *Scenes from an Italian Restaurant*, a melancholy, hard-driving chronicle of the battered future of high school sweethearts Brenda and Eddie, "the popular steadies/ And the king and the queen/ of the prom".

*Nobody looked any finer
Or was more of a hit at the
Parkway Diner
We never knew we could want more
than that out of life.*

There is great sympathy in these songs, observations that can be caustic and still stay fond. Work like this makes it quite plain that for all the contradictions, Billy Joel is writing and singing some of the best pop music in the neighborhood. It might even make Virginia Callahan think twice.

—Jay Cocks

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